

There's Something Besides Gifts



to think of for CHRISTMAS How about your best suit? Is it good enough to dine out with your friends in or for a proper observance of the day? If not, call and see the superb style and elegance that we will make your suit or overcoat in, if you leave your order now.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE
French Reform Skirt Supporter

JOHN D. ROSIE, —MERCHANT—
—TAILOR,
P. O. Building, Arlington.
Repairing and Pressing Neatly Done.

Prevention Is Better Than Cure



It pays to keep your roofs well painted. A few gallons of the

STERLING RUBBER PAINT

will save dollars. Steel, tin, canvas and paper roofs, fences, farm implements, electric poles. Black in gal. cans,

85 Cents.

G. W. Spaulding,
LEXINGTON.

Photographs

That are not only

Portraits

but are also

Pictures.

Marshall & Grant.

THE WRONG WAY

to buy drugs, is the cheap way. If medicine is to cure the sick, it must be the best and purest, and skill and experience are also necessary in the art of compounding physicians' prescriptions. We are registered pharmacists and we employ registered clerks in our prescription department. There's a very pointed moral to this true tale. We simply give you our name and let you draw your own conclusions.

PERHAM'S Prescription Pharmacy
Post Office Building, Arlington

Cupid's Gifts,

if he had his choice, would be in showers of sweetness, so that all his victims could swim in pleasure like Danae in the golden shower. A box of our choice confections and fine chocolates, bon bons, caramels, nut candies, and our home made candies for gift purposes cannot be surpassed. Economy recognizes the fine quality for the price.

N. J. HARDY,
657 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

FRED A. SMITH, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

REPAIRING French, Hall and American Clocks and all grades of Watches.
All work guaranteed. Clocks called for and returned.

We carry a full line of TOYS, STATIONERY CONFECTIONERY.

If you are planning a doll house for Christmas look at our furniture for same, as we have a large line

489 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

Johnson's Arlington Express.

J. H. EDWARDS, Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.
Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

Baggage checked to all depots and steamboat wharves or transferred to destination.

If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call.

We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 13-5 Arlington

Two Type Daily. Teams Due at 4.30 and 6.30 P. M.

HORSES READY.

Arlington Reservoir May be Used as a Race Course.

The Sport of Last Season to be Revived
—Work of Ice Forming to be Closely Watched—The Course on Spy Pond Most Desirable.

It is assured unless the weather man gets sidetracked that there will be horse racing in Arlington this winter on the ice. The recent cold snap has brought the owners of fast (?) horse flesh to confer as to the best plan to be adopted for the season, and it is more than likely the course of last year will be the place for racing this year. That is on the Spy pond course.

The only thing to prevent this is said to be the scarcity of ice, for this would make it necessary for the ice men to cut ice along the race course, and the horsemen will not interfere with the business. In this event there will be an attempt made to secure permission from the town to use the reservoir at Arlington Heights which is almost as fine a place, although further away. It is believed the selectmen will grant the permission as the reservoir is not used by the town as a water supply. A good half mile track could be made and would give the racers a good chance to settle their differences.

However, the reservoir plan will not be considered if the Spy pond course is open to them. Last winter the place afforded much sport for racers and spectators and attracted a large number of people from out of the town. Yesterday for the first time the pond was frozen over, and the horsemen believe it a sign in their favor. The freeze-up cannot come too soon now to suit them.

FISKE—JENKS.

A pretty wedding occurred in St. John's Episcopal church, Wednesday evening, Nov. 20. The contracting parties were Miss Rebekah Loring Jenks, of 40 Massachusetts avenue, and George Livermore Fiske, of Concord, N. H. Rev. James Yeames, rector of St. John's, was the officiating clergyman. The bride was dressed in white point d'esprit, wearing a white tulle veil caught up with a diamond sunburst, a gift of her great-aunt. She carried a bouquet of white roses, the little flower girl, Marion Cove, attending her. Miss Eleanor Wellington, of Needham, the maid of honor, wore pink crepe de chene, carrying white chrysanthemums. The two bridesmaids were Miss Maude Wellington, of Needham, and Miss Florence Cummings, of South Boston. They were dressed in pink silk muslin, and carried white chrysanthemums. The best man was William Fiske, brother of the groom. Roland M. Jenks, of Boston, brother of the bride, Charles W. Miles, of Cambridge, and Frank S. Mayberry, of Somerville, were the ushers. The vested choir rendered Lohengrin's wedding march, with Miss Swadkins at the organ. As the bride and groom approached the altar, it was a beautiful sight. The bride's train was carried by Miss Swadkins. A brilliant reception was held at the home of the bride, where were friends present from New York, Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Waltham, Needham, Winchester and Arlington. The home was tastefully decorated, the parlor in white chrysanthemums, the sitting room in pink, the dining room in lemon-yellow. Hardy was caterer. The presents consisted of cut glass ware, silver, pictures, statuettes, etc. From the banking house in Boston where Miss Jenks had been employed, there came to the bride a handsome sum of money and a diamond ring. The happy pair are at the St. Dennis hotel, New York city, for a brief while. Mr. and Mrs. Jenks will reside at 40 Massachusetts avenue. Mrs. Fiske is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Myrick Jenks, formerly of Cambridge. Mr. Fiske is a grandson of the Rev. Leonard Parker, of Cambridge, the associate of Rev. Dr. McKenzie as pastor of the Shepard Memorial church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, of Massachusetts avenue, have gone to Lake Helen, Fla., for the winter.

HOLIDAY FURNITURE.



Our Stock Is Replete with suitable Xmas Gifts. We hope you will see it.

The Cobb-Eastman Co.

FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, RUGS,

(Formerly KEELER & CO.)

111-117 Washington St., Boston

Opp. Adams Square Subway Station.

THE NEW STORE

Call and see how it is arranged and inspect

THE NEW STOCK.

Everyone declares the new apartments

THE MOST UP-TO-DATE

to be found outside of Boston and

OUR PRICES ARE BOSTON PRICES.

ALL GROCERIES ARE FRESH. No Inferior Grades.

MEATS AND PROVISIONS ARE CHOICE. Carefully Selected.

W. K. HUTCHINSON,

ASSOCIATES BLOCK, ARLINGTON.
Branch Store, 45 Park Ave., Arlington Heights.

MAY NOT RECOVER.

Daniel Dacy, of Belmont, Stabbed Over the Heart.

Taken to the Waltham Hospital—Two Italians Believed to Have Committed the Assault—Have Not Been Captured—No Motive Known to Exist.

Daniel Dacy, of Belmont, 22 years old, employed by Thos. L. Creeley, of Common street, was severely stabbed Monday evening. He claims that his assailants were two men also employed in Belmont.

Dacy was cut in several places and received a deep stab through the lung on the left side. He was taken to the Waltham hospital, Tuesday morning, and the attending physicians, Dr. Clark of Waverley, and Dr. Chadwick, of Waltham, consider his chances of recovery are slight.

As soon as the assault was committed the men ran away and up to the time of going to press they had not been captured or heard from. Dacy was employed in general work about the Creeley farm. One of his duties was to drive a produce wagon between Belmont and Boston. His story of the affair is that as he was returning from Boston, and nearly home, at the foot of Brook's hill on Belmont street, he stopped his horse, jumped from the wagon and started to light his pipe. At this moment another similar wagon belonging to Charles H. Slade, driven by two men, came along.

Some remarks had passed, when suddenly the Italians jumped to the ground and started toward Dacy on the run. One man knocked him over and kicked him very hard. Dacy arose and attempted to protect himself, when one of the men drew a knife and struck him in the face, inflicting a long cut, following it with a deep thrust through the left lung. Then both men ran away.

Some time later a passerby noticed the two teams and the prostrate man. He was taken to a neighboring house and Dr. Clark was summoned. Everything possible was done for him and he was taken to the Waltham hospital.

Dacy is not a drinking man, but a well liked, temperate and hard working man, and, as he is not believed to have known the assailant, no motive can be attributed for the act. As both men are known about this section, their arrest will probably be a matter of but a short time.

Belmont and Waverley

The Waverley Young People's Religious union will hold its regular bi-weekly meeting in the Unitarian church tomorrow evening, to which all are invited. The service will be led by Gilbert Burdakin, and the subject "Rev. Thomas Starr King," will be introduced by Harry C. Stearns.

Deacon and Mrs. Harry E. Carpenter, of Trappe, N. H., are spending Thanksgiving with Mrs. Carpenter's family at Feabody.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Poor spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Ora Poor and family, of Trappe road.

F. O. Drayton spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Somerville.

Miss Ethel B. Macomber, who is attending the State Normal school at Hyannis, has been spending her Thanksgiving holidays with her parents at their home on Burnham street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Holt entertained a party of friends at their home on Lexington street, Thanksgiving.

An interesting game of football was played at the McLean hospital oval, Thanksgiving. Dr. Little's "Invincibles" were this time phased.

Charles S. Gilman has returned from Squam lake, N. H., where he has been the past few months, much improved in health.

It is reported that G. H. Stearns has sold his estate on Pleasant street to parties in Boston. Mr. Stearns expects to remain in Waverley, where he has resided some twenty years.

Rev. Chas. E. St. John, secretary of the American Unitarian association, preached at the Belmont Unitarian church, last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Humphreys occupied the pulpit for the Waverley Unitarian society, last Sunday morning.

The ladies of the Plymouth Congregational society held a sale in the old high school building on School street, last Friday evening, which was very successful. There was a domestic, cake, fancy, doll, candy and ice cream table. The most attractive feature, perhaps, was the art collection arranged by Mrs. Woodin, which consisted of about 50 paintings illustrated in design. The proceeds of the affair will net \$115, which more than completes the piano account in behalf of which the sale movement was started.

A special Thanksgiving service was led by the Rev. Reginald Lee at All Saints' church, Thanksgiving morning.

The Waverley Ladies' Union society will hold its annual fair in Waverley hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening. A good time and attractive tables are promised, and it is hoped that a goodly number will attend. The play, "A Box of Monkeys," will be given at 8 p.m.

The Belmont Tennis club will hold a subscription dance in the town hall, this evening.

Rev. E. C. Whiting will preach at the Plymouth Congregational parish at 7 p.m. tomorrow, a special sermon in behalf of the Salomon's missions.

The annual sale of property for unpaid taxes was held at the office of the collector of taxes, Wednesday morning.

(Continued on Page Four.)

DECIDE TO WIDEN.

County Commissioners Grant the Request of Lexington Petitioners.

Massachusetts Avenue in East Lexington Will be Relocated to Oak Street and Hearing for That Purpose Will be Jan. 9—"A Public Convenience and Necessity" the Verdict—Monday's Hearing Well Attended and Arguments Ensnue.

The county commissioners have decided to widen Massachusetts avenue in East Lexington, from the Arlington town line to Oak street, and a hearing on the lines of the location will be held at the town hall building, Thursday, Jan. 9. The expense of widening will be levied upon the town. The verdict was announced to an Enterprise reporter yesterday by two members of the board of commissioners, who say they based their decision on the grounds of

well known to all Lexington people, and described the process from the first to the time when the location was granted by the selectmen, which Mr. Johnson said, was because a body believed the double track a public convenience and necessity, and the board therefore provided for the avenue to be widened from 60 to 70 feet. Deciding these points and relieving the railway company should pay all the expense, the selectmen gave the franchise with conditions. He read section 10 which provided for the payment of the total expense by the company. He was prepared to prove that no expense would fall upon the town in any way, and that all were carefully protected. He called upon Sydney Harwood, president of the company, who claimed the company was much pressed for more tracks in order to give the best of service to the public, and that the selectmen had been convinced of the advisability of widening the avenue. He claimed the company was acting in good faith and as it was bound by the instructions of the selectmen nothing could be done until the land had been secured as a highway from the abutters. There had been a difference of opinion as to the worth of the land which was no more than natural, and the matter was therefore laid before the commissioners. It was not the intention of the company to trespass on the rights of the citizens or abutters. The franchise was granted in good faith and the hearing was then provided for the carrying out of a public improvement.

Mr. Johnson said the selectmen had procured a plan which was upon the table, which was the result of mature effort of the engineer and the selectmen as to the best way in which to widen the avenue with the least damage to anyone.

Engineer Herbert Pierce was next called. He prepared the plan, he said, and then went over it to explain the situation. He asked him if the selectmen had given instructions at any time to take all the land on one side, which he denied, and Mr. Gould suggested that it was in the province of the commissioners to decide for the Lexington & Boston Railway company and the selectmen. The commissioners said they did not consider the railway in the matter at all, and that all they would look at was if the public necessity and convenience demanded a wider street.

Mr. Gould then asked Mr. Johnson how

public convenience and necessity. The commissioners, seeing there was not so great a demand to widen beyond Oak street, did not grant the original proposition, which was to widen to Pleasant street, and thus the remonstrants will not have fought altogether in vain. It is very likely also that the proposed plans for widening as submitted with the selectmen's approval will be changed somewhat, especially at the point where the cemetery near the East Lexington railroad station was to lose a slice of land. This the commissioners will refuse to allow, and herein lies a victory for A. S. Mitchell, who strenuously opposed the plan as submitted. Thus the decision is not a complete victory for either side, even though the avenue is to be widened.

Chairman Gould, in talking to the Enterprise reporter, said the commissioners' engineer would go over the territory and submit plans as to the proper way to widen the highway. He said the board believed in good roads, and believed changing conditions made it necessary to make changes in the highways in many places. He described the first highways which were no more than cart paths but which were sufficient to meet the demands of travel. Then came the stage coaches and better roads were found necessary, and the changes have kept coming until now the electric cars facilitate public travel. The rights of the public to travel in electric cars are the same as the rights of others to ride in carriages. In fact, he said, the commissioners deemed that public convenience and necessity required a wider avenue as had been asked for, and, therefore, another hearing to consider arguments as to the best method of widening, and also to listen to the question of land damages would be held early in January. The formal decree for widening will be issued when the town and county have received sufficient assurance from the L. & B. Ry. Co. that it will bear the expense.

The hearing Monday morning was interesting throughout. There were a large number present, and the remonstrants were in the majority so far as numbers went. As to the arguments, both sides were so supremely confident, during and after the hearing, that success would be theirs, it is manifestly fair to say that all the good points upon either side of the case were brought up. The sensation of the day was that

the county could be insured from all expense in the matter providing the courts should define and fix the damages, to which Mr. Johnson said he could prove to the commissioners that that would be covered before the board bound itself in any way in the matter.

Dr. John Kane, of the Keeley Institute, made a short speech in favor of the project. He believed it was in the interest of public convenience, and that Lexington had made a mistake in not widening. He referred to the towns and cities on either side of Lexington, and of the many vehicles which modern invention had given the public to use in replacing the open air. He liked to drive and liked to ride in electric cars. He hated the long waits, however, or when driving, hated to be between a trolley car on one side and an automobile on the other side while on a narrow street. He believed the absence of expense to Lexington made it economy to widen at the present time, and had never heard complaints from people that highways were too wide. The trees must give way to progress and curves were styled as beautiful in a road, but not convenient. He was asked if he was a transient resident or a property tax payer, and he replied he had no property of his own in the town, but represented a tax-paying institution.

William H. Whittaker said the avenue was widened at one time, and he believed it was necessary to widen again. Postmaster L. A. Saville did not believe Lexington had reached its limit of growth, and he had been in touch with conditions existing for many years. He said there were no more buildings now between Sylvia street and the East Lexington railway station than there were 10 years ago. He thought Lexington needed more people and that the avenue 50 or 100 feet wide, although that might damage property too much. He believed in taking trees out of the way where necessary and then believed in planting new ones. He believed the railway company should pay all the bills. Mr. Holmes continued to repeat his idea when Mr. Johnson suggested his main point was that the avenue should be widened more than the petition called for, and Mr. Holmes thought that was about the point.

Mr. Gould then stated that the reason he had asked if the company would agree was because the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

Frank H. Holmes contended that the whole matter was started wrong. He believed public necessity demanded double tracks from the common to Arlington Heights, but when the widening was done, he wanted it wide enough to last. He would like to limit the avenue 50 or 100 feet wide, although that might damage property too much. He believed in taking trees out of the way where necessary and then believed in planting new ones. He believed the railway company should pay all the bills. Mr. Holmes continued to repeat his idea when Mr. Johnson suggested his main point was that the avenue should be widened more than the petition called for, and Mr. Holmes thought that was about the point.

Mr. Gould then stated that the reason he had asked if the company would agree was because the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

He believed the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER BIGELOW.

the county could be insured from all expense in the matter providing the courts should define and fix the damages, to which Mr. Johnson said he could prove to the commissioners that that would be covered before the board bound itself in any way in the matter.

Dr. John Kane, of the Keeley Institute, made a short speech in favor of the project. He believed it was in the interest of public convenience, and that Lexington had made a mistake in not widening. He referred to the towns and cities on either side of Lexington, and of the many vehicles which modern invention had given the public to use in replacing the open air. He liked to drive and liked to ride in electric cars. He hated the long waits, however, or when driving, hated to be between a trolley car on one side and an automobile on the other side while on a narrow street. He believed the absence of expense to Lexington made it economy to widen at the present time, and had never heard complaints from people that highways were too wide. The trees must give way to progress and curves were styled as beautiful in a road, but not convenient. He was asked if he was a transient resident or a property tax payer, and he replied he had no property of his own in the town, but represented a tax-paying institution.

William H. Whittaker said the avenue was widened at one time, and he believed it was necessary to widen again. Postmaster L. A. Saville did not believe Lexington had reached its limit of growth, and he had been in touch with conditions existing for many years. He said there were no more buildings now between Sylvia street and the East Lexington railway station than there were 10 years ago. He thought Lexington needed more people and that the avenue 50 or 100 feet wide, although that might damage property too much. He believed in taking trees out of the way where necessary and then believed in planting new ones. He believed the railway company should pay all the bills. Mr. Holmes continued to repeat his idea when Mr. Johnson suggested his main point was that the avenue should be widened more than the petition called for, and Mr. Holmes thought that was about the point.

Mr. Gould then stated that the reason he had asked if the company would agree was because the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

He believed the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

He believed the widening could not be done as cheap at any other time, and he wanted more people to help pay the taxes.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.
Ideas Not Essentially Our Own.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S WAY.
At the Cambridge club meeting, Monday evening, President Eliot gave expression to his views upon the problem of rapid transit for Cambridge. His scheme is to have a boulevard constructed through Cambridge to the Charles river. He would have this boulevard laid out upon the plan that has been used in a number of Boston's suburbs where a central reservation or parkway, used exclusively by street cars, extends through the thoroughfare, and upon either side is a broad macadam roadbed for general public travel.
It cannot be denied that the plan is extremely attractive from an aesthetic point of view, and it possesses all the advantages which were claimed for it, except that of rapid transit. Riding through the open air is more pleasant than riding underground, and a broad street with a well kept grass plot in the center is more attractive to the eye than an elevated structure would be. Moreover it is more quiet. The whole idea is beautiful and pleasing. If cost were not to be considered, and if the improvement of surface travel were the object aimed at, this plan might be fairly looked upon as an ideal to be striven for.
The purpose of the movement for improved transit is to secure a more rapid method of reaching Boston than the improvement of the surface system. In order to secure the same degree of accommodation that is provided by the existing surface lines, the stops must be as frequent, and in order that the operation of the surface cars may be as safe as at present, the speed cannot be greatly increased. To secure rapid transit facilities worthy of the name, it will be necessary to run cars at a very high rate of speed, which would be dangerous in the extreme wherever the locations of cross streets rendered it necessary for vehicles or persons to cross the tracks. If rapid transit is to be secured, the cars must be run either above or below the street and not upon it.

The legislature has revised the laws of the commonwealth to date. A few weeks hence a new legislature will come together and will proceed at once to alter and amend the Revised Laws, upsetting all that the special session has done.

A NOTED PROCLAMATION.
On the 21st of February, 1863, the secretary of West Cambridge issued this proclamation for the observance on the following day, Saturday evening, of the birthday of Washington:
"Birthdays of Washington! Citizens! President's Proclamation!
The President of the United States having recommended that all citizens throughout the Union should assemble on the 22d inst., the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country, for the purpose of listening to the reading of the Farewell Address which was given to them for instruction and guidance through all generations."
The citizens of West Cambridge are, therefore, requested to meet at the town hall on Saturday evening, Feb. 23d, at half past seven o'clock, that they may hear the last public words of the immortal Washington, and gather from them clearer knowledge of our duty to our country, and stronger determination to discharge it with unselfish and patriotic devotion."
Washington J. Lane, Samuel P. Woodbridge, Samuel Butterfield, Selectmen.
West Cambridge, Feb. 21, 1862."
The above proclamation was issued nearly forty years ago, under the administration of President Lincoln, when the war of the Rebellion was being desperately fought to the bitter end.

THE PATRIOTIC REVIEW.
Although not a resident of Cambridge, the plucky editor and manager of the Patriotic Review is well known in our city, having many relatives here and being descended from real old Cambridge stock. Miss Marion Howard Brazier, who is wholly alone and unaided, founded the Patriotic Review, and edits, publishes and solicits all the advertisements herself. Samuel Usher prints the Review, which has the reputation of being finely arranged, as to matter and illustrations.
The November issue has a splendid picture of Col. Wm. Conant Church, and one of Rear Admiral Schley, with interesting articles about each. Minot J. Savage's article on "What is Education" is a feature of this issue. In addition to the news of all patriotic and historical organizations of the United States.
In addition to editing this Review, Miss Brazier lectures on unique subjects, before women's clubs, such as "Cremation, is it a Fad?" and "Are We Crowding Older Gracefully?" She has made an enviable reputation for the informality and interest of her talks. She is certainly a woman of many talents, which she is using to win a name for herself in her varied lines as editor, publisher and lecturer. [Cambridge Chronicle.]

THE MOON IN THE BROOK.
Dancing in glee, the laughing brook
Spends o'er its rocky bed—
And a wild rose, lulled by the crooning song
Dreamily droops her head.
The thistle-down, kissed by a wandering breeze
Over the blue hill floats,
And rustling leaves of red and gold,
Sail by in their fairy boats.
Rippling along 'neath the murmuring pines—
But returning again—ah, never,
The madcap waves, with their merry tune,
Rush onward, and on, forever.
Babbling along, between mossy banks—
Where violets open their eyes,
The frolicsome brook woos the virgin moon,
Till pale on its breast she lies—
A fair, young queen, in the arms of a night.
With pearls on her trailing gown,
And glittering stars, like uncut gems,
Striding her jewelled crown,
Then the waters murmur a song of love,
And my heart goes singing, too,
As I throw a kiss to the moon in the brook,
And the waves waft it dear to you.
Agnes Helen Lockhart.

MARRIED.
FITS-KEEFE—In Auburn, Nov. 20, Fred M. Fitts, of Lexington, and Miss Annie L. Keefe, of Woburn.
THOMPSON-ROWE—In Arlington, Wednesday, Nov. 20, by Rev. John Mulcahy, Robert F. Thompson, Waltham, and Gertrude I. Rowe, Arlington.

DIED.
BURNS—In Arlington, Sunday, Nov. 17, Michael Burns, infant child of Eugene and Julia Burns.
HIGGINS—In Arlington, Monday, Nov. 18, Rebecca F. Higgins, aged 76 years, 7 months.
HILL—In Arlington, Nov. 15, Mrs. Hannah Hill, aged 30 years, 9 months.
BLODGETT—In Somerville, Nov. 18, Mrs. Elizabeth (Brown) Blodgett, formerly of Lexington.
DAVIS—In Lexington, Nov. 21, Miss Thankful Davis, aged 77 years.

THE SUSPECTED CUSHION.
Embarrassing Experience of an English Girl in a German City.
A friend of mine had a most embarrassing experience in Freiburg-im-Breisgau. She had received a notice announcing the arrival of a package from England and requesting her presence at the headquarters of the octroi. The lady with whom she was staying was unable to accompany her, and Miss G., being in a hurry for the ball dress which the parcel contained, started off boldly alone notwithstanding her exceedingly limited knowledge of German. After keeping her waiting some considerable time one of the employees deigned to hunt up the package.
She watched the unceremonious handling of her dainty gown with inward quivings as he shook out the folds. Suddenly a vivid blush overspread her face as she saw the man examining a small cushion which was sewed under the back drapery of the skirt. Ladies who recall the fashions of some years ago will remember the article in question. The presence of two students in the office and the evident interest they were taking in her affairs did not lessen her embarrassment either. Had the cushion been stuffed with all manner of contraband goods instead of innocent horsehair she could not have felt more uncomfortable. Every word of German seemed to fade from her memory, and not a syllable could she utter to allay the official's suspicions. The burning blush deepened as he ripped open the cushion and exposed the horsehair to the public gaze, and an intense longing took possession of her to box the ears of the two students, who were in convulsions of suppressed laughter.
"I never felt such a fool in all my life," she said to me when recounting her adventure, "and if those two fellows are at the ball I don't know what I shall do." I believe they were there, but Miss G., who was a very pretty girl and always had hosts of partners, managed to enjoy herself amazingly, all the same.—Continental Chit-Chat.

KEYNOTES OF NATIONS.
Metallic Clangor Is the Dominating Sound of This Country.
Not only is this period of history rightly called the "age of steel," but the name of the "land of steel" might as justly be given to our own country, according to the curious testimony of a resident of this city. Mr. B., whose wealth has not warded off the infliction of blindness, has recently returned from Italy, where he was for months under the care of a famous specialist of Turin. Like all those deprived of sight, Mr. B. has grown hypersensitive to sounds; but, being a man of broad education, his observations in his perpetual night have also been of a wider nature.
"Without hearing a word spoken," said the gentleman, "I am sure I could tell whether I was in Italy, France, England or the United States merely by the sound of the organ notes of their respective cities. The sound of Italy I could best describe as wooden; it is soft and rather soothing. That of France affected me somewhat like the rattle of china. England had the dull, heavy roar of an immense bell. But for harsh strident and metallic clangor there was nothing resembling the national sound of the United States. Here there is always foremost the clatter of steel, and, to judge merely by the sound, I should say that the substitution of that metal for wood has gone 20 per cent further in America than in the old world, though of course I can't speak for Germany, as I did not visit that country."
"I do not remember that old Helmholtz ever took up the subject of a national musical note, but if he had it seems to me quite possible that he might have made discoveries in race affinities that have even yet escaped the ethnologist and etymologist. Rather odd, isn't it, that Italy, so long the very paradise of sightseers, should also prove the most comforting for those deprived of sight?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Parrot in a Whirlwind.
A certain retired general of the Indian army possessed a parrot and also a very irascible temper. The parrot was a valuable bird, but was rather a nuisance by reason of its extreme talkativeness. One day while the general was writing his business letters the parrot kept up a continual chatter very disturbing to the writer.
At last the general could stand it no longer, and, jumping up, he seized the cage of the unhappy bird, which he whirled vigorously round and round, at the same time swearing vigorously. Then he set the cage down again, and silence for some time ensued.
At length, however, a feeble voice came from the interior of the cage. "General," it inquired in quavering accents, "where were you when that cyclone struck us?"—London Answers.

A Luxury.
Tom—I've got a grand idea about my alarm clock.
John—Neglect to wind it up?
Tom—Better than that. I set it a couple of hours ahead of getting up time.
John—And wake yourself out of a sound sleep? Don't see much sense in that.
Tom—That is because you don't understand the science of the thing. Of course it isn't nice to be waked up, but the luxury in the knowledge that you haven't got to get up for two hours makes up for it many times over.—Boston Transcript.
Alithe in One Respect.
Affable Passenger—Indeed and you are a music hall artist? I am a banker, and I think it must be at least twenty years since I was in a music hall.
Music Hall Artist (regretfully)—And I'm quite certain, sir, it's twenty years since I was in a bank.—London Tit-Bits.

Had Run Out.
"Son, why don't you blacken your shoes?"
"These are patent leather, pa, and don't need to be blackened."
"If they are patent leather, the patent expired some time ago and should be renewed."—New York Herald.

Further Particulars.
Miss Saltontall—Mrs. Smythe tells me that her father was distinguished on the beach.
Miss Winthrop—Yes; he was a shoe-maker.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.
Ecotistical.
Biobbs—What an ecotistical fellow Talkatol is! When you are with him, he expects you to be all ears.
Biobbs—Yes, and you find him to be all "T's."—Philadelphia Record.

ARTIFICIAL STONE SIDEWALKS.
Driveways, Buttresses, Steps and Copings.
Asphalt Sidewalks, Stable and Cellar Floors.
SLATE ROOFING ASPHALT GRAVEL
Manufacturers **WARREN BROS. COMPANY,** Contractors
143 Federal St., Boston.
Tel. 4064 Main. Factory: E. Cambridge.

J. W. HARRINGTON,
SUCCESSION TO GEO. D. TUFTS.
Business Established More Than 50 Years.
Practical House, Sign, and Decorative Painter.
All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomining, painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.
Shop, 450 Mass. ave. opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave. ARLINGTON.

A. BOWMAN,
Ladies' and Gents' TAILOR,
487 Mass. ave., Arlington.
ALTERING, CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING.

Walter I. Fuller, Electric Work of Every Description.
Lights, Bells, Gas Lighting, Burglar Alarms, etc. Repairing Promptly Attended To.
Electrician,
Office, Wetherbee Bros., 480 Mass. Ave., Arlington.
Residence, East Lexington.

MRS. DALE,
House and Kitchen Furnishings,
HAS A FULL LINE OF
Crockery, Glass, China and Tin Ware, Preserving Jars, Toilet and Fancy Articles, etc., etc., at
466 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

WM. H. WOOD & CO., Headquarters For **LUMBER**
Broadway and Third Street, CAMBRIDGEPORT. And Building Material.
Largest Stock in N. E. to Select From

Arlington Insurance Agency
George Y. Wellington & Son, Agents.
Eight Mutual Companies Ten Stock Companies. Office open daily and Wednesday and Saturday evenings.
Savings Bank Building, Arlington Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 1.30 to 4.30 P. M., Daily.

Why-Certainly You Can Rid Your House of Water Bugs and Roaches if You Use . . .
Barnard's Water Bug and Roach Exterminator.
ITS WARRANTED. SOLD EVERYWHERE. BY MAIL 50c.
BARNARD & CO., 7 Temple Place

Peirce & Winn Co. Granolithic
Dealer in
Sidewalks, Steps, Curbing, Coping, Walks, Floors, Etc.
ALL CLASSES OF CEMENT CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.
Asphalt.
Rock Asphalt and Trinidad Asphalt Floors and Pavements.
CELLARS MADE WATERTIGHT.
Tar Concrete
Sidewalks, Walks, Driveways.

JAS. A. McWILLIAMS,
House, Sign and Fresco PAINTER.
All orders left with F. R. Daniels will be promptly attended to.
PAPERING & TINTING
Shop: Rear 467 Mass. Ave. Residence: 105 Franklin street. ARLINGTON.

VISIT Langen's Hair Dressing Room.
UP-TO-DATE and POPULAR.
Easy Chairs, Experienced Workmen, Centrally Located, Polite Attendance.
All Tools and Towels Scientifically Sterilized.
Ladies' and Children's Work.
Tables supplied with latest popular periodicals.

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, ETC.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.
ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.
Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Pearce, treasurer. Meets in Banking Rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.
ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.
Bank building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. William G. Peck, president; H. Bladale, secretary and treasurer. Open daily from 3 to 5.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Meets first Monday in each month at clubhouse on margin of Spy pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.
ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Hiram Lodge.
Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.
Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall at 8 o'clock p.m.
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Bethel Lodge, No. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8. Ida F. Butler Rebeckah Lodge, No. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.
ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Circle Lodge, No. 77.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.
Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 570 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.
UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.
Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Francis Gould Post, No. 38.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.
Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.
SONS OF VETERANS.
Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.
WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Division 23.
Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p.m.
Division 43.
Meets first Tuesday in each month, at K. of C. hall.
FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Court Pride of Arlington.
Meets in K. of C. hall, the first and third Mondays of each month.
MASSACHUSETTS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.
St. Malachi Court.
Meets at Hibernian hall first and third Thursdays.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.
Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 6 p.m.; 7 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.
Arlington Heights Branch.
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6; 7 to 9 p.m. Thursdays, 3 to 6, 7 to 9 p.m.
TOWN OFFICERS.
Selectmen meet at their office in town hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening.
Town clerk and treasurer, office hours, 9 a.m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; also Mondays, 7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m. only.
Board of health, on call of chairman.
Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.
School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.
Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.
Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.
Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy hook and ladder; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett chemical; Eagle hose, Henderson street.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.
(Unitarian.)
Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except July and August.
ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.15 p.m.; evening church service at 7.15 o'clock.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.
Cor. of Westminister and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday eve., 7.45 p.m.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Morning service, 10.45 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior league, 3.30 p.m.; evening service, 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 7.30. Services in Methodist Union hall, Walter Grant Smith, pastor.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.
Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10.45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.
FIRST UNITARIANIST.
Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Fisher, pastor. Gray street. Sunday services in the morning at 10.45; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Y. P. Union at 6.30 p.m.
ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.
Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Tennes. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; other services according to church calendar.

ARLINGTON FIRE ALARM.
LOCATION OF BOXES.
4—Jason St.
13—Cor. Henderson and Sawin Sts.
14—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Teal St.
15—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Lake St.
16—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Linwood St.
17—Lake St., opp. D. Wymans's house.
21—Union St., opp. Fromont.
22—No School.
23—Junction Broadway and Warren St.
24—Beacon St., near Warren.
25—On Wm. Mann House.
26—Cor. Medford St. and Lewis Ave.
27—Cor. Mystic and Summer Sts.
28—Mystic St., near Fairview Ave.
32—Pleasant, near Lake St.
34—Cor. Pleasant and Gray Sts.
35—Wellington and Addison Sts.
36—On Town Hall—Police Station.
37—Russell St., cor. Russell Terrace.
38—Academy St., near Maple.
39—Cor. Mass. Ave. and Mill St.
41—Mass. Ave., near Schouler Court.
43—Cor. Summer and Grove Sts.
45—On Highland House House.
46—Brattle St., near Dudley.
47—Junction of Wm. Forest St.
52—Crescent Hill—Westminister Ave.
54—Brackett Chemical Engine House.
61—Cor. Florence and Hillside Aves.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.
"Something New Under The Sun."
All doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acids, sprays, inhalers and various forms. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while the acids and ointments cannot reach the diseased part. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a Treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES," the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE, and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full course of treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use. "SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently, and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD IN THE HEAD. CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES," the "GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."
Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 680 EDWIN B. GILLIES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
(Orthodox Congregational.)
Corner Park and Westminister avenues. Arlington Heights. Rev. John G. Taylor, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.15; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday afternoon at 3.30. Junior C. E. meeting; Friday evening at 7.45, prayer meeting.
ST. AGNES, CATHOLIC.
Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a.m.; high mass at 10.30; Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.; vespers at 3.30 p.m.
ARLINGTON LINE BIBLE SCHOOL.
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Tannery Street.
Services—Every Sunday afternoon at 3.30; preaching at 7.30 Sunday evenings; Thursday evening meeting at 7.45.

SEASON OF 1901, New Wall Papers
EXCLUSIVELY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
The Largest Stock,
The Most Artistic Designs,
The Lowest Prices in New England.
Thomas F. Swan,
12 CORNHILL, BOSTON,
Next Door to Washington St.
W. G. KIMBALL,
Contractor and Builder,
All Kinds of Wood Jobbing and Repairing. Estimates Given.
Shop, 1003 Mass. ave. ARLINGTON.

WM. BENDIX'S School of Music,
4th SEASON,
Will open for the Fall and Winter Season,
Monday, Sept. 2, 1901.
Thorough instructions given on Piano, Violin, Flute, Clarinet, Guitar, etc. Any number of musicians, including a good prompter, furnished for all occasions at reasonable prices. For terms, address,
WM. BENDIX, 2 Park ter., Arlington

ANGELO CATERINO & CO.,
DEALER IN
Foreign & Domestic Fruit
Money refunded if goods not satisfactory.
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco.
479 Massachusetts Ave., ARLINGTON.

H. P. LONGLEY, QUICK LUNCH,
Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, Tonics, Soda, Fruit.
BOSTON ELEVATED WAITING ROOM,
Arlington.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Austin, Lexington 14-1.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 35-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1866.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 386-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
James O. Holt, grocer, Arl. 137-2.
James O. Holt, provision dealer, Arl. 337-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3 or 149-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 124-2.
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.
Leatrice A. Lewis, Arl. 73-3.
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.
John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.
A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 121-5; house, 329-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4.
Price, Arl. 28-2.
Pearce & Winn, Arl. 1-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 16-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2045.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stone, Arl. 121-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
Mark Sullivan, Arlington, 243-2.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2133.
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7.
J. D. Wase, Arl. 149-4.
C. T. West, undertaker, Lex. 28-4; house, 31-2.
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.
E. E. Wheeler, Lex. 61-4.

A HEART-CRY.

By C. F. Orne.

"Oh, if only my beautiful mother
Would enter in at the open door!
"Oh, if only my proud young father
Would sail in his ships the wide waters
o'er!"

If I could see them standing together,
Beside the hearth with its cheerful blaze;
He in his strength, and she in her beauty,
As they used to stand in the former days.

If I could see them sweetly smiling,
Looking on us with their loving eyes,
Blessing the band of happy children,
Innocent, simple, without disguise.

"Could I but see my brothers and sisters,
Each in the old familiar place;
"Could I but hear their voices blending
But for one day of tender grace.

"Oh, my heart would not be so lonely!
Their olden strength would my pulses thrill,
All of life's drained and empty beakers
Would the new wine of that vintage fill.

All the sparks in the ashes that linger
Would kindle anew to living flame;
All the voices would sweetly answer
As I called each one by the dear, old name.

"Oh for the heart-loses past and vanished,
Hid in the mist of the by-gone years!
I cannot find them behind the shadows;
They come not for calling; they come not for tears.

Neither at morning, nor yet at evening,
Enter they in at the folded door;
I sit by the hearthstone, lonely, lonely;
Vainly I call them—they come no more!

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which
Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in
Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of
the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive
Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. E 680 EDWIN B. OILERS & COMPANY, 2330 and 2333 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. All correspondence strictly confidential.

ALEXANDER BEATON,
Contractor and BuilderPARK AVENUE,
Arlington Heights.F. R. DANIELS,
606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.Hats, Caps,
Gentlemen's
Furnishing Goods,
Periodicals,
Cigars & Tobacco.

THE FATE OF A LILY.

By Agnes Helen Lockhart.

Night's curtains were drawn when you
raised your proud head
From the river's deep silence and dark,
muffled bed.
So, when Dawn sought the portals of
sleep to unbar,
She found on the breast of the waters,
a star.
"Was you, in your emerald canoe, pale
and dead?"
Undine,
With the waves crooning 'round you,
caressing their queen!
How comes it that out of the gloom and
the night
Your gown is so pure and so spotlessly
white,
While sweet is the perfume, from each
satin fold
Of the petals of pearl, on your dear
heart of gold?
But brief was your reign, for ere day
shut her fan,
You woke from your dream, and a new
life began!
Poor, bruised, broken lily—some rude,
careless hand
Cast your pale, proud form in the dust
of the strand!
Ah! Why were you plucked, and then
left here alone,
With your mantle of green o'er your
white shoulders thrown?
But a kindly hand, raising you, bore you
away,
And gave you to me, dear. Ah! What
could I say,
As you lay on my desk, with a tear on
your cheek,
And I wished that my poor, broken lily
might speak?
But now you are fading, and surely will
die.
Ere the tapers have vanished from
night's purple sky!
So, press back each petal, 'til fold after
fold
Lies wreathed like rare pearls, 'round a
heart fused with gold.
How starlike, fair lily, how peaceful you
seem!
Does the song of the river croon yet
through your dream?
'Neath my hand lies a volume by Long-
fellow writ;
Ah! Here is a tomb for my pure blossom,
fit!
I place 'twixt the leaves this star
dropped from night,
That, born in the shadows, shone spot-
lessly white.
It speaks to my soul of life's strange,
broken rhyme,
While the hour glass marks the swift
passage of time.
The shadows close 'round me, the hour
grows late,
As I think how this blossom resembles
our fate!
We are born in a night, and we dream
for a day,
Then death plucks the flower; but when,
who can say?

Suggestions

—FOR—

Holiday
Gifts.

Music,
Parlor and
Bachelor
Cabinets,
Fancy Desks,
Tables,
Bookcases,
Morris Chairs,
Shaving Stands,
Hall Sets,
Cheval Mirrors,
Fancy Lamps,
Easels, etc.

IT IS OUR AIM TO SUIT THE
INDIVIDUAL TASTE AND WE
ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO
SHOW GOODS.Webster.
Cook & Co.1 to 9 Washington Street,
Cor. Haymarket Sq., Boston.

O. C. WEBSTER. E. A. COOK.

FANCY
SUSPENDERS
MOUNTED.
Silver Buckles if
Desired.Full INFORMATION
as to making, etc., given,
or by mail,
T. A. MOORE,
521 Washington St.,
Opp. R. H. White Co.,
Boston.

Arlington House

Arlington, Mass.

J. C. RAUCH, Proprietor.

Accommodations for transients and table
boarders. Stable connected. Telephone 56-9,
Oct 1O. H. GANNETT,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Room 115, Exchange Building,
53 State St., Boston. Telephone 356-3.
Residence, Academy St., Arlington.The Remaking
Of Mr. Watts

And What It Led To.

I very nearly killed a man once—indirectly. As it was, I led to his breaking his arm, cutting his face very badly and spoiling his clothes. It is a horrid confession to have to make, but I want to ease my conscience by setting it down.

One night I was sitting in my little room in the dull little provincial town of Churbury. I was thinking what a dull little provincial town it was. And yet, I mused philosophically, I suppose all the human interests of the big world can be found in Churbury and all the different types of human character if one will only go through the boredom of looking for them when they are on such a very small scale. Talk of romance, why there is poor Watts!

At that moment Watts came in. He often visited me of an evening. It was not so much that he wanted to see me and to hear my sentiments, but I was almost the only person who would sit patiently by while he aired his two pet subjects—to wit, butterflies and Molly Garton.

And Watts wasn't such a bad fellow either. He had all the makings of a fine man. I used to think, but unfortunately he was the only son of a silly mother. And so she had never sent him to school to be kicked by the horrid, rough boys, but had kept him at home with a tutor, who wore spectacles, and had got into the habit of eternally catching butterflies and moths and things and killing them and putting their little corpses in boxes with their wings stretched out. If he had done it in moderation, one would have excused him. But he didn't. He simply lived for it and for Molly Garton. And the two things were incompatible.

As for Molly herself, I had my ideas about her. She was my sister-in-law, and we had been friends from the days when we had bowled our hoops together in the High Street (mum! to the annoyance of wayfarers) right down to the time of which I am speaking, when we had many a ride and game of hockey in each other's company. So I flattered myself I knew something of that erratic and athletic young lady's mind, and I had come to the conclusion, first, if Watts would cease to be quite such an ass he would make her an excellent husband, and, secondly, that, given that change in disposition, she would not be unwilling to recognize him in that capacity.

Butterfly hunting was not to the fore with Watts tonight. It seemed that that day the lady had rejected him for the second time.

Whereon, seated upon my chair, he made much moan.

"I didn't think you had the remotest chance," I said, when he had finished his narrative. He looked at me blankly.

"Unless," I proceeded, "you make up your mind to do several things."

"What?" he asked eagerly.

"First," I replied, folding my hands in philosophic calm, "never to talk of beetles and bugs for a whole six months, never to let yourself be seen with that long set of yours in your hand, never to show a soul those little creatures you have stuck pins through."

He gasped, but was silent.

"Secondly," I proceeded, "you must become an athlete."

"An athlete!" he exclaimed.

"You must play football," I said, "and be careful to get your shins well hacked."

He gasped again.

"And in summer time," I proceeded, "I think it will be well for you to join the cricket club."

"Impossible!" he murmured.

"It would be desirable also," I went on, paying no attention to the interruptions of the silly man, "if you became a hero. Now, you might save a life from drowning."

"I can't swim," he muttered feebly.

"Then you must learn to swim," I shouted with a sudden emphasis that quite quenched him for a time. "And, above all, you must learn to cycle."

"Oh-h!"

"Do you think," I said with much indignation, "that a well built, active girl like Molly Garton wants to spend her life sewing on the buttons of a wretched fellow who can only handle a butterfly net?"

He looked so miserable as I thundered these words at him that I felt moved to genuine sorrow for him. But I was cruel only to be kind.

"Come now," I said in a gentler tone, "I have known what love is"—here I sighed and thought of my own dear Katie lying under the grass in the churchyard—"and I know it's worth a good effort to win a woman. Let me help you."

"How can you?" he said dully.

"Tomorrow," I replied decisively, "we start learning the bicycle in my back garden. On Saturday there is a pick up of the Busy Bees, and you come with me to have your shins hacked."

He groaned, but thanked me and assented.

Ah, what weeks they were, those succeeding weeks in which we toiled. Watts and I together, to make him an athlete! I will say nothing of the football, save that he displayed really admirable pluck in the presence of his ladylove; fighting with a ferocity that called down the rebuke of the referee and covering himself with sticking plaster if not with actual glory. But the bicycle! Oh, what weary hours I spent in that garden of mine in frantic endeavor to teach him to ride! He seemed to have a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. Time after time I nearly despaired, and yet at last there came a day when he actually wobbled the whole length of the garden path without any assistance and without a fall.

"Molly," I said, about a fortnight after, "who do you think is going to join our bicycling party tomorrow? Watts."

"Why, he can't ride," she answered.

"Oh, can't he?" said I. "He can ride like anything. He has been learning for weeks."

"Whatever made him do that?" she asked with the least little self-conscious change of expression.

"Wanted company, I suppose," I answered in my most matter of fact voice. "He's a great friend of mine you know, and—"

She made a slight gesture of annoyance, from which I gathered that I had said the wrong thing.

"You don't mind his coming, poor chap?" I asked. "He's getting so tired of going about alone."

"He can come if he likes," she said.

From which, being a philosopher, I gathered that she was very pleased he was coming.

And so next day Watts turned up with his bicycle and a splendid pair of new

knee breeches and some wonderful thick stockings to cover his skinny calves.

We started for our trip satisfactorily. I lagged a little behind and watched the fun. Watts, grasping his handles with immense firmness and gazing fixedly at the road before him, plied his legs with great vigor in the effort to keep abreast of Molly, who was in a mischievous mood.

But at last came a catastrophe. There was a point where the road forded a tolerably wide, shallow brook, while by the side a couple of planks and a single hand-rail made a bridge for foot passengers.

Molly rode in front, and, giving a half turn of her head, which revealed to me a broad smile and a twinkle of mischief in her eyes, she went straight as an arrow over the planks. I saw poor Watts hesitate for a moment. His bicycle staggered.

Then, gathering himself up with a mighty effort, he rode on to the bridge. Then came a crash, a plunge, a loud shriek from Molly and in a moment I was in the water extricating Watts from a confused mass of spokes and handles and carrying him to the side of the ford. Poor chap! I am bound to say that he was very plucky.

He only gave one groan, but he looked ghastly pale. The blood was running fast from a cut in his forehead, and I quickly saw that his arm was seriously injured.

I called on Molly that evening, after I had left Watts with his head bound up and his arm in a plaster. She looked white and seemed intensely anxious to hear news of him.

"I just dropped in," I said casually, "as I thought you might like to know."

"How is he? How is he?" she asked.

"Well, I think he will pull through all right," I said slowly, "but it is a bad smash. His arm is broken and his head is horribly cut. But he is plucky about it."

I saw her lip quiver; then, with feminine quickness, her manner changed.

"Whatever made the poor, silly creature try to cross that plank?" she asked with a lightness that was really admirable.

I looked her full in the face with a blank expression.

"You know as well as I do," I said.

"No, I don't; indeed I don't," she answered with most impressive innuendo.

I explained at considerable length why Watts had got his legs hacked at football and why he had got his arm broken while bicycling, and I left her thoroughly miserable to think it all over.

It was late in the afternoon before I could get round to see the invalid next day. I found him in marvelous spirits, with a quantity of beautiful fresh cut flowers by his sofa.

"Who sent these?" I asked.

"Guess," he answered, a radiant smile lighting up all that part of his face that was not hid in bandages. So I guessed.

And every day during his convalescence there were fresh cut flowers in his room, and I had to guess who sent them.

And then one day I overtook him as he walked feebly down the street with his arm in a sling. He told me he was thinking of dropping in to tea at Western Lodge. Now, Western Lodge is where Molly lived, and it was a very nice place. So I asked suavely, "May I come too?"

"Oh, yes, of course, if you like," he replied in such a dismal and disgusted tone that I laughed and went away without another word.

But as I sat in my chair that night, thinking over things in general and particularly meditating on the fact that, just for want of a candid friend, a really fine fellow may do nothing but catch insects all his life, a little note was brought me.

It ran thus:

I have caught my last butterfly. Unique specimen. Priceless value. I had to chase it on a bicycle. Dear old boy, how can I ever thank you enough!

—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Bees Not Using Their Stings.

There are a number of honey making bees which apparently do not use their stings or in which the stings are atrophied and too blunt to hurt. Some are very small, so diminutive that they are called mosquito bees. They gather quantities of honey, of which Bates, in one of his forests on the Amazon, took two quarts from one of the nests. In Jamaica, where some of these amiable bees are also found, they are called "angelitos," a name given them by the original Spanish settlers in honor of their good temper.

Some Australian dwarf bees—also "angelitos" so far as human beings are concerned—do not use their stings, perhaps because they are not sharp enough to hurt, but deal with their enemies something after the manner of the Quaker on board ship who refused to use a gun, but threw the Frenchmen overboard. An enemy is held down by several of the bees, who gradually put him on the rack by pulling his limbs out tight and keeping them so for as long as an hour, by which time the prisoner "dies a natural death."

Bumblebees are popularly supposed not to sting. The males have no stings, but the females have, at any rate in the common bumblebee. There are so many sizes in a bumblebee's nest—large females, small females and males—that it is a safe speculation not to take the risk, though bumblebees are very easy going creatures and only sting when pressed or hurt.—Spectator.

Breaking Them to the Yoke.

Mr. Edward Lisle, whose "Observations on Husbandry" was published in 1757, describes the method employed by his "oxhind" or cattlemen to break cattle to the yoke. "He yoked two of the steers, being two yearlings, together, and so suffered them to walk about the ground where there were no pits or ditches for them to receive hurt by. He also tied together the bushy parts of their tails, the reason of which was because they should not be able to strike one another with their horns, or by bending their necks too much by endeavoring to face one another and then striving break their necks."

In this condition the oxhind let them go on the ground, if without holes or ditches, all night, or else turned them into an empty open barn so yoked and thus treated them two or three times before he worked them.

To Cure Pork Without Brine.

To 100 pounds of meat take two quarts of salt, three pounds of brown sugar and three ounces of saltpeter. Pulverize the last as fine as possible and mix thoroughly with the salt and sugar. Now rub a small quantity of the mixture on the rind side of the pork, the remainder on the flesh side, rubbing it in well. Pack in a box that will allow the drippings to run off. Rub each piece well as you put it in the box. After thirty-six hours take out and apply two quarts of salt in the same manner and pack again. Leave it for three or four weeks and then smoke. See that the meat is not frozen when applying either the mixture or the salt. It is said pork is better when cured in this way than when brine is used.

A RAPID
PROMOTION

By W. R. ROSE.

The day was one of October's rarest. The car windows were all open and the swift motion created a pleasant draft that carried no suggestion of coughs or colds with it. It was car No. 511 of the main line, and the conductor was No. 381.

He was a pleasant appearing conductor, was No. 381, young and well built, with bright gray eyes and his cap tilted back on his head in true boyish fashion.

He was an alert conductor, too, and keenly alive to the responsibilities of his place. He helped old ladies and children aboard, made the passengers sit closer, he kept a sharp supervision over all the details.

There was a tall man with gray hair and a white mustache on the back platform, a very well dressed man, who seemed deeply interested in the trip. He had boarded the car while No. 381 was inside collecting fares, and, as this collecting process took some time, the gray haired man had a chance to make a study of the roadbed as the car rumbled along.

He was looking over the platform rail when No. 381 tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Fare, please."

The gray haired man slipped his fingers into his change pocket and drew out a half dollar. As he pushed it toward No. 381 he slightly turned his head.

"George!" He couldn't repress a little start of surprise.

"Hello, father," said No. 381 as he thrust the coin into the proper pocket.

"Tickets?"

"No," replied the gray haired man with some sharpness. He stared hard at No. 381 as he counted out the change and thrust it into his hand.

"Transfer?"

"No," snapped the older man.

"How are you, father?"

"Well enough. How is it with you?"

"Fine," laughed No. 381. Then he looked a little wistfully at the gray haired man. "I wouldn't mind shaking hands with you, father. It's four years, you know, since I last saw the chance."

The old man slowly put out his hand, and No. 381 gave it a warm pressure.

"Getting down to the hush, George?"

"Hush, father? Oh, I remember now. You allude to the unfortunate young man in the Sunday school lesson, the young man who lives on husks and tended swine. Yes, yes. But there have been no husks on my menu, father, and the end seat car hog is the nearest approach to the porkers. No, I get three good meals a day and carry home my \$12 every Saturday night."

He laughed as he said it, his eye on the interior of the car.

"But can't you get something better than this?"

"I haven't tried. You see, this was the best I could do after being thrown out of a better job by the burning of the bicycle factory, and I promised the trolley superintendent that I would stay in the employ of the road at least a year if they'd take me on, and just six months of it have passed. Change here for the Ellinwood belt line."

The old man followed No. 381 with his keen gray eyes that were very much like the conductor's, though deeper set, and a new light came into them.

"You are married, George?"

"I wrote you that I was, father."

There was a little silence.

"And I have a little boy, father, three years old. I wish you could see him. Why can't you? We live at No. 37 Cornwell street, close to the end of this line. You'd be very welcome, father."

The face of the old man hardened, and he shook his head.

"I have very little time," he said. "I am here on important business."

"Very well," said No. 381 quietly. "You'll be welcome any time." Then he added: "I take the down car here. Good-by."

He leaped off, caught the rail of the approaching car, waved his hand and was gone.

The old man sighed as he turned back. Somehow he seemed to have lost all interest in the condition of the roadbed.

When the end of the line was reached, he stepped from the car and looked about him. Then he walked over to the start of the little station.

"Will you kindly direct me to No. 37 Cornwell street?" he said.

Ten minutes later the gray haired man knocked at the door of the little cottage on Cornwell street. A neat young woman responded. It was not a favorable hour for calling, but the young woman bore a trim appearance, her hair was nicely arranged, and there was an air of refinement in her greeting that the old man liked.

"This is the home of No. 381, I believe," he said as he raised his hat—"I mean of George Glazier."

"Yes, sir, but he is not at home. He will not be home until 6."

"I have come some distance to see him," said the gray haired man.

She looked at him with a new interest. He was an old man, and she fancied he looked tired.

"Will you come in and rest?" she asked in her gentle voice. "Perhaps you can leave a message."

"Thank you," he said and followed her into the pleasant little parlor. His keen gray eyes traveled about the room and returned to the woman. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you mind giving me a little of your time?"

She looked at him wonderingly and then seated herself.

"You can't really be happy here," he said abruptly.

She started at the suddenness of the remark.

"I do not know what you mean," she said.

"I mean that this little house, this lone-some neighborhood, the lack of nice clothes, the fact that your husband is but a poorly paid employee, the desire for those things that just a little money would secure, must make you discontented at times."

Her color rose. She held her dimpled chin a little higher.

"Do I look discontented?" she asked

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, November 30, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN
ARLINGTON BY:Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg.,
Arlington.
Frank R. Daniels, 606 Mass. avenue,
Arlington.
Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue,
Arlington.
H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room,
Arlington.
Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station,
Arlington.

NO DOCKED-TAIL HORSES.

No docked-tail horses for President Roosevelt, and in this irrevocable decree he shows his usual good sense. To dock the tail of the horse is an outrageous cruelty to that most noble of animals. That "it is English, you know," doesn't soften the outrage. President Roosevelt, insisting that no docked-tail horse shall be found in his stables, will have much to do in lessening this English barbarity.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

We are glad to learn that Thanksgiving day was enjoyed to the full by all the readers of the Enterprise in Belmont, Lexington and Arlington. We are not surprised that all the readers of the Enterprise had a turkey and a plum pudding on this annual day of praise. Indeed, we are glad that everybody had a turkey irrespective of the weekly paper he reads. The day was clear, crisp and vitalizing, so that everyone was keenly alive to the memories and blessings of the day.

"O, MY ARM!"

"Don't touch it, for I have been vaccinated and it is just beginning to take." The above is the cry of the men and older women, while the girls are crying out, "O, my poor, sore ankle!" Well, everybody in Arlington, Lexington, Belmont and elsewhere near Boston is being vaccinated. Dr. Young has seen more pretty bare arms this week than usually falls to the lot of any one young man. The Arlington young lady is not singing at present.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old."
Be vaccinated—this is your duty and now it is your privilege, so long as it is free vaccination. The world owes a debt of everlasting gratitude to Jenner, who, in 1796, discovered that vaccinia or cowpox is a sure prevention against smallpox. Pull off your coats, boys, and you girls, roll up your sleeves, and allow the doctor to do the rest.

"WHO DOES HIS BEST?"

The man who does his best is entitled to a kindly reward. "The best" in whatever department of life deserves to be crowned. It is an unfortunate and ridiculous mistake to suppose that some great achievement is required at our hands. The world for the most part is made up of little things. The mission of mankind is or should be to make the world better.

"The man who does his best to make the world a better place,
Whose heart is pure, who dares to look
His neighbor in the face,
Is not the one who takes delight in holding
Up to view
And scoffing at the foolish things that
Other people do."

"The man who gains the noble height
Where fame and honor wait,
Wins no delight from petty spite—he
Gives no heed to hate.
For he has little chance to reach the
distant summit who
Gives up his time to smudging things
that other people do."

THE ETERNAL RIGHT.

That man who butts against the eternal right will always come off second best, and that newspaper which commits the same mistake will find itself left. "Tell the truth and shame the devil," is well worth a scriptural rendering. That man with pen in hand is the last person in the world who should play "hide and go seek." The statement of the public journal should be made in the full light of day. The printed paragraph should not admit of a double interpretation. Whatever the subject under discussion, let the declaration concerning it be positive and to the point. The Enterprise has never begged the pardon of any man for telling God's truth; and it never will. It calls black black, and white white. There is no mixture of colors in the Enterprise ink. In the discussion of all questions of public interest, the Enterprise has never dodged an issue. It meets the fact and deals with it accordingly. It never descends to personalities, but it sticks all the while to the main question. So we never hesitate to come before the public and write "take the Enterprise." Its columns are pledged to the interests and welfare of the people, and especially to those of this locality and vicinity. So again we say "take the Enterprise," and thus learn the facts.

POCKETS OR NO POCKETS!

While the average man boasts of as many as twelve pockets all counted, in his trousers, coat and vest, the average woman has not a single pocket that she can call her own. True it is, that she feels at perfect liberty at any and all times to go through her husband's pockets, so that for this reason she may possibly feel no necessity of a pocket in her own attire. But these pockets of the condescending husband are always an invitation for her to rise from her downy bed and go through his pockets in the still hour of midnight, to see if the "jewel of her soul" has buried her last letter, and to see if by further chance she may discover in the deepest recess of his pocket a tell-tale letter from his sweet, winsome typewriter. But seriously, why will not woman allow the pocket in her latest made and most fashionable dress? Suppose it does cause some little disarrangement, and make the gown to puff out a bit on the right side—what of it?

We of the male persuasion are attracted by these uneven surfaces. And then the little delicately edged and perfumed handkerchief peeping out of a lady's pocket is always a reminder of the fascinating girl who can make the handkerchief talk to a purpose. A handkerchief in the hands of a pretty maiden in her teens has led captive more than one stout heart. And again it is only fair as long as women can go through our pockets, that we men should have the sweet privilege of going through theirs. But no, in all our loving manipulation of woman's attire we find no spot or place where we may hide the hand which is already hers. Dear woman, do have at least one pocket in your dress where, in addition to your embroidered and perfumed handkerchief, you can carry your thumb and pocketbook.

"DON'T BELONG TO THIS PARISH."

It is somewhere told how a certain individual on leaving a church one Sunday, where the sermon preached was one of peculiar force and tenderness, was asked why he didn't weep as long as the entire audience, save himself, was in tears. "I weep!" he replied; "why, I do not belong to this parish." And so it goes. The most of us believe in "our church," while we give the others the go-by. We frequently become so bigoted in our religious notions, that unless men and women are willing to be saved our way, then we conclude with a good deal of readiness that they must be eternally lost. It is a singular fact that while men and women are a good deal generous in the intellectual world, and are willing to accede much to others, they become absolutely obstinate in according to others that religious freedom which is the right of all. While it is to be admitted that there has been an advance made on all lines of religious thought, still there are those who still persist in not weeping in any church save their own.

"We are right" and "you are wrong" is one of the weaknesses of the religious world. It is even now at this late day considered not a little heterodox by the churches to believe other than our fathers and mothers believed. Why cannot the several churches come together and worship, in a simple way, God as the father of us all? The only thing standing in the way of all this, is that so-called "creed." Give us in its stead that simple religious faith that shall embrace the whole human family. That religion is of little practical value that has not in its make-up a good amount of common sense. We all of us to a man belong to the world, and not to any particular parish. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" is the way it reads.

"HURRAH FOR HARVARD!"

The above was the popular shout on Saturday. Every man, woman and child with flag in hand was cheering for the "crimson." The Harvard team did, indeed, play a magnificent game from start to finish, while the Yale boys, though making no score, evinced the pluck that always deserves victory. We can but sympathize with the defeated party, whatever be the contest; so that while we are shouting for Harvard we have a most kindly feeling for Yale. Victory cannot perch at one and the same time upon the banners of two opposing parties. And yet in a larger way, why may it not be said that in the many game of football both sides may win? As a matter of fact the score is the last thing to be considered. It is the brave, courageous persistency shown in any legitimate contest that counts. It isn't what we do, as much as what we try to do that is to come into the final reckoning. What is to be most admired in the game of football is that power of endurance which manifests itself on the field. Never is seen a more inspiring sight than that physical development of body which is able not only to receive blows, but to give blows that tell. These bodies of ours amount or should amount to something after all. The old notion that mind and soul are the only qualities of life to be considered is fast giving way to the fact that that man or woman is only half a man or woman who has not a well developed body; so we say "amen" to any and all athletics which make the most of bone, blood and muscle. A cold shiver always creeps over us whenever we see a sickly, puny body, whether it belongs to man or woman. We just delight to get alongside that man who is able to cope against great odds where science and muscular strength are the essential factors. While we do not believe in the prize fight, still we have an admiration for that wonderful power of endurance which it evinces. These bodies of ours in a normal condition are exhibitions of God's best workmanship, and we are bound to make the most of them. The Apostle Paul was unquestionably an athlete or otherwise he would never have written "run the race set before you," etc.

A man's work and a woman's work can only be done by a man and by a woman, and he is only a man and she is only a woman who are able to eat three good, square meals a day and sleep well the long night through, and all this can only be done through physical, manly exercise. We believe in the athletic department of our colleges. Give the boys a chance to run, jump and kick, and give this same chance to the girls, too. There is no law in the world of morals that denies to the girl the right to a full and free passport to the athletic field, and to actively engage therein. The fundamental mistake that the most of us have made in our reckoning is that these bodies of ours are vile creations as compared with mind and soul, and that they are only to be mentioned in an underbreath. One of the most fortunate features in the present administration at Washington is that President Roosevelt, the athlete, is in the full vigor of a physical life which makes sensitive every nerve of his being, and sends the blood coursing through his veins, at a rate which not only maintains but begets vitality. Right in face of Harvard's magnificent victory on Saturday, we are really shouting for both Harvard and Yale, and for the reason that both deserve great credit in their proficiency in all manly sports. So while we give three cheers and a tiger for Harvard, we doff our hat to Yale for the pluck she evinced under many discouragements.

President Wellington, of the Arlington Historical society, facetiously said at the meeting on Tuesday evening that

in former times "the method was in the public schools to whack knowledge into the brain of the pupil, while now the method is to pump it in," and then he added with much reason, that "the whacking process" was, in his judgment, preferable to the present pumping process, and we think the president is a good deal right in his statement.

Edward Stratemeyer has not only done excellent service for the American youth in his "American Boy's Life of William McKinley," but he has well served the American older grown in the story he has told so well of one of our most distinguished countrymen. The book should and will be read by both young and old. The book is reviewed in another column.

The Enterprise is willing to reply at any time to an argument. It will not reply to a fusillade of mud.

ELECTRIC GAS LIGHTS

Now is the time to have your lights looked after for the Winter season. If your electric lights burn dimly call at this store and exchange old lamps for new ones.

We have a fine line of Portable Gas and Electric Table Lamps.

Gas Mantles, all kinds and prices.

Electric Novelties.

We make a specialty of Re-fitting Gas and Electric Fixtures.

R. W. LeBaron,

Electrician and Contractor.

474 Mass. Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
Telephone Connection.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Now in Bloom in Pots and Cut Flowers.

CARNATIONS, FERNS,

PALMS, AURICARIAS.

Funeral Designs a Specialty.

W. W. Rawson's

Corner Bedford and
Warren Streets,
Arlington.Columbian
Cafe

ARLINGTON.

Still at the Old Stand,
near Railroad Crossing.
The only place where
a Quick Lunch or a
Good Dinner can be
served.

A. C. LaBROQUE.

MONUMENT
HAIR DRESSING ROOM

J. F. BARRY, Prop.

Reopened Under New Management.

Give Us a Call.

Three Chairs—No Long Waits.

313 Broadway, Arlington.

DAVID CLARK,

32 years in the hacking business, is still at to same business at

10 MILL STREET, ARLINGTON.
Rubber-tired carriages for funerals, weddings and evening parties. Also a wagonette for pleasure parties. Tel. connection.

Weltch's Market.

Groceries and Provisions

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 21363.

E. F. DONNELLAN,
Upholsterer & Cabinet MakerFurniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired. Carpets Made and Laid.
Mail orders promptly attended to.]
442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

EDUCATIONAL.

Elmhurst Day and Boarding School
High School, Preparatory, Grammar,
Primary and Kindergarten Classes,
Oct. 1st, 1901, to June 6th, 1902.
A public kindergarten class will be started Oct. 1, 1901. Fee for materials, fifteen dollars per year in advance. Courses preparatory to first and second primary grades.
Address Miss ELIZABETH K. VANDER VEER,
220 Park Ave., Arlington Heights, Mass.

B. SWENSEN,
INTERIOR PAINTER.

Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.
Resident of Arlington 12 years. Best of references given.
10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

READS THE ENTERPRISE.

Soldier Burrill in the Philippines Gets
News From Home, and Writes of
Army Life.

Another letter has been received from Soldier Charles H. Burrill, the North Lexington boy who is in the service in the Philippines. He sends with his letter several interesting pictures taken by comrades there. He says: "I have been receiving letters and papers from home right along and see that the Enterprise has been publishing my letters, so I thought I would write something interesting for it. I have sent several pictures home, and now I am sending some taken on the Aguinado expedition. One of them is that of the army officers that took part in 'Aggie's' capture. This was taken on board the Vicksburg. Another is of the scouts who were principal features of the expedition. Among them is the one who betrayed Aguinado. No. 3 shows three native boats called 'bancoas' in tow of the Vicksburg. They were to take part in the capture, but were lost in a storm. No. 4 is that of Aguinado on board the Vicksburg en route to Manila. No. 5 is one of his staff officers called Simeon Villa, who was wounded while trying to escape out of a window. No. 6 shows the Aguinado where Lieut. Gilmore and his men were captured by rebels, one man being buried alive and three killed. We went ashore at this place and erected a table where they were buried. No. 7 is of the rebel leader that captured Gilmore and buried one of his men alive. This was taken at Bilbid prison, near Manila. No. 8 shows the same man receiving his sentence of life imprisonment at hard labor which was imposed upon him. Nos. 9 and 10 give an idea of Puerto Prince, a town which the Vicksburg captured after a fight. No. 11 is one taken of natives holding a cock fight, and No. 12 represents the same men reading Aguinado's proclamation. The net in the town of Baguit, where we landed our battalion, and chased a lot of bandits who were robbing the natives. Their leader was Sandoval, one of Aguinado's followers. He has since been captured. No. 14 shows the Spanish church at Balnear, near where Gilmore was captured. Nos. 15 and 16 are views of Zambanga, where we are stationed most of the time. No. 17 shows a group of Moros, and the next a photo of the Vicksburg coaling ship at Port Isabella. Nos. 19 and 20 were taken at Manila, and the next two are off the navy yard at Cavite. No. 23 shows the old fort at Cavite. No. 24 is a view of Pollock. No. 25 is a street in Manila and 26 a Spanish steamer which would not salute us going through the Suez canal. The next is Aden Arabia, and the next is a water buffalo, which is the chief meat food of the Filipinos. The meat is as tough as shoe leather. The animal is used for hauling heavy loads. No. 29 is the old Spanish fort at Cullion.

The above scenes cover about one-quarter of the places he has visited. He closes by saying he is not doing any worrying, for he deems life too short to be devoted to that. He is feeling in the best of health and spirits.

COSTUME PARTY.

A most successful costume party was held in the town hall, Arlington, last week Friday evening, under the auspices of St. Agnes's parish. Over 500 guests were in attendance, including many friends from the parish from Cambridge, Belmont, Lexington, Medford and other places. A large number of those in attendance were in costume, and the characters represented were many, varied and original.

The grand march was a brilliant affair, many novel features being introduced. The judges were Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, Selectman E. S. Farmer, John J. Crowley and James B. Byron of Medford. The prizes for handsome costumes were awarded to Miss Alice Poultrie, of Cambridge, who appeared in Grecian costume, and to George Higgins, of Arlington, who appeared as a sailor. The prizes for most original costumes were awarded to Miss Mary A. Dacey, as the Madonna picture, and to Master Francis McLaughlin, as 'Billy, the Boy Artist.' The floor director was Philip A. Hendricks; the assistants were J. P. Daley and D. W. Grannan, and the aids were James H. Ford, Frank J. Ford, Charles F. Ford, John Hendricks, John Formoye, James P. Donnelly, Charles H. Beauchemin and Joseph H. Varney.

Among the large number who appeared in costume were: Frank Ford, Spanish gentleman; Miss Winnie Frenck, Spanish lady; C. H. Beauchemin, clown; Jo. Varney, clown; James H. Ford, policeman; Moses Marcotte, clown; George Marcotte, court costume; Mrs. C. H. Beauchemin, tambourine girl; James P. Daley, Dutchman; Mrs. James P. Daley, Red Cross nurse; Mrs. Dennis P. Collins, Boston Globe dress; Master Frank McLaughlin, Billy the boy artist; Miss Josephine Dacey, Sis Hopkins; Miss Nellie Frenck, Mrs. Edna B. Dacey, Ophele; F. P. Tobin, Mephistopheles; Miss Mary Mahoney, flower girl; George Higgins, sailor; Miss S. Mahoney, evening dress; Miss Katie Spillane, gypsy; John Hendricks, rube; Miss Mary Dacey, colonial costume; W. T. Caffrey, sailor; Miss Mary Powers, one of the heavenly twins; Miss Bessie Bevens, Polish costume; Miss Mary Doyle and Miss Annie Doyle, Miss Annie Bevens, Miss Mary Powers, Miss Katie Ahearn and Miss Etta Roden, Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother; Miss Mary A. Dacey, picture of Madonna; Miss Alice Poultrie, Grecian costume; Mrs. Mary A. Dohue, morning; Ed. Phillips, Chinaman; Miss Helen H. Ahern, college girl.

TOURIST CARS ON THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

Semi-weekly transcontinental tourist cars between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are operated by the Nickel Plate and its connections. Tourist cars referred to afford the same sleeping accommodations, with same class of mattress and other bed clothing. They are provided in the Pullman sleeping car service. These tourist cars leave Boston, Mondays and Wednesdays, and leave San Francisco, Tuesdays and Fridays. Berths in these tourist cars are sold at greatly reduced rates. Concessions are offered without extra cost for heating food or preparing tea or coffee, affording every facility for comfort on a long journey, especially for families traveling with children. Lowest rates may be obtained always via the Nickel Plate road for all points in the west. For special information regarding all trains on the Nickel Plate road including these tourist cars, consult your nearest ticket agent, or write L. P. Burgess, N. E. P. A., 253 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

As no doubt most of our readers are on the watch for suggestions for holiday gifts, we wish to call especial attention to the announcement in another column of Webster, Cooke & Co., of Haymarket square, Boston. They are showing such a variety of useful and ornamental household articles that it is worth one's while to at least inspect their display.

H. Crine, the furrier, of 15 and 17 Avon street, Boston, is showing some very exclusive styles in holiday furs. Would-be purchasers will save money by inspecting Mr. Crine's stock.

Ladies desiring fancy suspenders mounted will be interested in the announcement of F. A. Moore, 551 W. Washington street, Boston. Mr. Moore has a full assortment of gold and silver buckles at very reasonable prices.

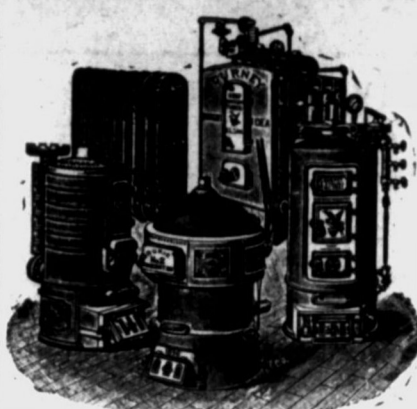
J. W. RONCO.

HAIR DRESSER

Is Still in the Business.

POST OFFICE BUILDING,
ARLINGTON.

FURNISHED ROOM, one minute from depot, hot water, cold water, bath, gas, heat, nicely furnished. Address X. Y. Z., Enterprise office.



The Gurney Heater

can always be relied upon.

All Kinds of Steam and Hot
Water Heating Apparatus.Before you go elsewhere
ask for estimates. . . .

— BOSTON PRICES. —

Boilers Repaired.
Pipe and Fittings For Sale.H. B. JOHNSON,
BROADWAY AND WINTER STREETS,
ARLINGTON.

CALL

and see our stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
before buying your Christmas presents.

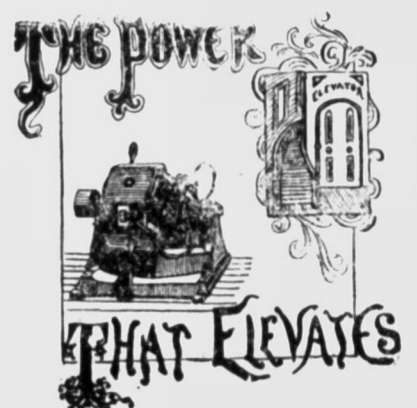
We have a very fine stock of Colonial Calendars
with views of Lexington, Concord and Arlington.
Make a nice present. Price 35c each.

WETHERBEE BROS.,
Jewelers and Cycle Dealers,
48 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

DON'T MOVE

unless you move to Winchester, which is by statistics the second
healthiest town in the state, and has without exception more
natural advantages than any other suburb of Boston.

CEO. ADAMS WOODS,
Winchester Office, Blake Bldg. 50 State St., Boston.
Directly over the Post Office. Tel. 1532 Main.



Electric Motors.
For power users.
We are now prepared to furnish the
cheapest and best power for all manufactur-
ing purposes.
Constant speed, no dirt, no heat, no
ashes, no engineer, absolutely safe, always
ready.
When motor is shut down, expenses
cease.

Somerville Electric Light Co.
F. ELLWOOD SMITH,
General Manager,
110 Willow Ave., West Somerville.

Price . .

is not the only consideration when
ordering printing

Quality . .

is also of some importance, but this
is not all

Style . .

is an intangible something, the lack
of which often defeats the purpose of
the customer

Our Work . .

has not only the quality but the style
that makes it valuable and keeps it
out of the waste basket.

Calendars for 1902.

We are showing the finest
line of calendars ever exhibited in
town and can make it an object
for the local business men to ob-
tain them right at home. Call
and see them, or let us come and
show them to you at your conven-
ience. We are booking orders
now for December delivery.

The
ENTERPRISE
PRINT
Room 38, P. O. Building,
Arlington

Aprons

MADE TO ORDER.
Also Flannelette Night
Gowns.

D. F. COLLINS,

472 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.CURTIN'S
Arlington Express

Boston Office, 128 State Street.
Telephone, 1185, Main.
Residence, 1027 Mass. Ave., Arlington

TO LET.
EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE FLAT
of five rooms, bath and store room in
new house. All improvements. 1233 Mas-
sachusetts avenue, Arlington Heights.

For the Best of Cutlery
and Specialties in
Hardware
go to

J. B. Hunter & Co.

60 SUMMER STREET,
BOSTON.Builders' and
General . . . Hardware

An Up-to-date Hardware Store.

All Mechanics' Tools
of the Best Makers
and Material.

CALL AT THE
Mystic Street Waiting-Room

Quick Lunch.

Confectionery,
Tobacco, Cigars, etc.

A. O. SPRAGUE

ARLINGTON.

HENRY A. BELLAMY,
ContractorAND
Builder,

72 WALNUT STREET, ARLINGTON

OFFICE:
113 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.
Telephone, 3488-3 Main.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

J. HENRY HARTWELL
& SON,

Undertakers,

4 MEDFORD STREET,
ARLINGTON.

Telephone Connection.

GEO. D. MOORE,
Licensed Auctioneer

for Middlesex County, and President Arlington
Co-operative Bank.
OFFICE AT CO-OPERATIVE BANK,
624 MASS. AVE., ARLINGTON.
Residence, 128 Broadway.

MISS K. T. McGRATH,
Dressmaker.

456 Mass. Ave. Arlington.

J. J. LOFTUS,
Custom Tailor.

FALL STYLES.
Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed, Re-
paired and Pressed Neatly.
612 MASS. AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

Dr. G. W. Yale,
DENTIST,

At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Building,
ARLINGTON.

THE ENTERPRISE.

Telephone, Arlington 301-2.

(Entered as Second-Class Matter.)

Saturday, November 30, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

A DISTRICT NURSE.

All Lexington people should assist in the movement for a district nurse for the benefit of everyone within the limits of the town. The Fellowship of Charities inaugurated the movement some time ago, and there is yet lacking the required financial support. This needed balance is not very large and a little concentrated effort would bring the total up to the mark without trouble. Everyone is invited to give sums from ten cents upward, and when the nurse is provided any family may have the advantage of her services. She is to be at the call of every physician in town and to be employed on each case daily for such length of time as is deemed needful. Her services may be commended in all cases of emergency and therefore the importance of assisting in the movement is plainly apparent. The plan of a district nurse has proved a great success in many towns and cities and has proved a great benefit wherever it has been tried. Everyone, whether rich or poor, without regard to sect, color or any other thing, will have the advantage of having a trained nurse when needed, and thus all are invited to aid in the good work.

THAT HEARING.

However the county commissioners had decided to act relative to the petition for widening Massachusetts avenue in East Lexington, there was satisfaction in knowing that the hearing was conducted in a decidedly fair manner by both those in favor and those opposed to the petition. Genuine arguments were offered on both sides, and the contest, while warm, proved the contestants were willing to stand or fall on their merits. While some of those present showed by their talk they had believed the hearing was a game on the part of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company to trick the people, this was made clear to them when the commissioners drew forth the statement from the road's attorney as to what the company proposed to do if the petition was granted. Some had been told the commissioners were not the ones to appear before, but the latter decided they were the proper ones to hear the facts, and when these points became known some of the voters who had been led to believe otherwise appeared satisfied. The principal argument in favor of the project was that of public convenience and necessity, while the opposition maintained there was no such demand for a wider street. The point of injury to the natural beauty of the avenue was also brought out in opposition. The commissioners tried to keep the railway matter and the double track question in the background by saying it would not be considered directly, but like Banquo's ghost, it would not down, and both sides continued to argue on the merits or demerits of double tracks until the commissioners evidently began to think it was the real question after all. The Seeley matter created no little stir, and the point whether O. G. Seeley signed the petition for the hearing or authorized his clerk to do so for him was dwelt upon strongly by the opposition. In fact, it was played for a trump card, but for a time took a back seat when the commissioners ruled that it would not be considered unless Mr. Seeley appeared and denied it was his signature. However this point may not be allowed to drop by the opposition now that the commissioners favor the petition. It even looks as though the courts may have another legal knot to untangle for Lexington citizens as the petition is approved. The petitioners' case was naturally well handled, as a Boston lawyer had it in charge, and no less credit is due A. S. Mitchell and Edwin A. Bayley, who together held the reins for the opposition. However the commissioners decided the case, Lexington might well be pleased with the hearing itself, for the fair and square manner in which it was conducted.

A. S. MITCHELL,

AUCTIONEER.

Sales of Real Estate and Personal Property made anywhere in the state. Household Furniture bought or money advanced upon it. Parties wishing to dispose of any kind of property or have any property appraised in settling estates or otherwise can have me call and see them free of charge by sending me a postal to call.
Boston Office, 113 Devonshire Street. Telephone 1509 Main.
Residence, Hunt Block, Lexington.

You can have your Bicycle Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Tires Plugged and Vulcanized;
Your Sewing Machine Cleaned and Repaired;
Your Lawn Mowers Cleaned and Sharpened;
Your Grass Shears, Household Scissors and Knives Sharpened;
Your Locks Repaired and Keys Fitted;
Where? Why! at

FISKE BROS.,
MASS. AVE., LEXINGTON, MASS.

LUMBER...

FOR ALL PURPOSES

Lexington Lumber Co.,

Telephone 48.

PLENTY OF WATER.

Lexington Has Nothing to Fear From the Dry Spell so Long as Pumps Work at the L. & B. Pumping Station—E. S. Locke Originator of Plan.

Everett S. Locke, of the Lexington water board, is the man to whom the credit is due for originating the plan of filling the town with water mains from the Lexington & Boston Street railway's wells by the use of the company's pumps. He had been revolving the matter in his mind for some time, but had thought the only solution to the problem was to apply to the Metropolitan board for water to tide over the dry spell. Just as he was about to do this he thought of the supply which is owned by the railway company and he immediately consulted Supt. Green relative to the plan. Mr. Green at once gave his consent and the connection of pipes was made. Mr. Locke says the town will pay for the use of the pumps and for whatever expense the company is put to in the matter, and also a fair compensation for the water itself. No terms have been stated, however, and Supt. Green says there is no intention of making any charge for anything but the expense of pumping, which was agreed upon. The reservoir of the town is dry so far as any service as a supplier of drinking water, and the main of Sunday did not make any material change in the situation. Mr. Locke expects soon to have the new town source, which consists of wells, connected with the mains and then he believes all trouble will be over for a time at least. A few fires might even then reduce the supply below what might be desired, but with the L. & B.'s well and pump conveniently near the town is considered amply protected from all possible contingencies.

East Lexington.

The Friday club held its regular meeting last week Friday with Mrs. Herbert S. Teel at her home on Jason street, Arlington.

Horatio D. Hanson, formerly residing in this village, died in Somerville November 19. He was 72 years and 3 months old.

Lumber is on the ground for the new grain shed of I. Palmer, at the corner of the avenue and Curve street.

J. Herbert Redding, electrician, has had a telephone put into his residence on Maple street. Mr. Palmer, the grain dealer, and H. Malcolm Torrey will soon be connected by phone, also. J. H. Frizelle & Son will also be equipped with this modern convenience.

Winsor Smith, wife and children were in town Thursday, making a visit with Mr. Winsor at his home on Curve street.

Ralph Johnson, wife and family spent Thanksgiving at his father's, Daniel Johnson, on Maple street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mrs. Johnson's father in Braintree.

George F. Harrington has been appointed agent at Pierce's Bridge station and commenced his duties Monday.

J. E. Garmon has left the employ of L. A. Austin, and will assist Charles Butterfield in his milk business.

Under the auspices of the Baptist society, William W. Main, of Boston, gave a lecture in Village hall, Wednesday evening, on his trip across the continent.

The lecture was illustrated by the stereopticon. The audience was smaller than the management had hoped to see, but Mr. Main's talk was very interesting and the views on the canvas gave a very graphic illustration of the marvelous beauties of the natural scenery of our western states.

The next assembly of the Jolly Four occurs Tuesday next at Village hall.

FOLLEN CHURCH.

The annual business meeting of the Young People's guild for the election of officers and transaction of important business will be held Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, at Follen church.

Rev. L. D. Cochran preached Sunday morning at Follen church on the subject "What's New Over Our Children."

The inclement weather resulted in a small gathering, but the few who did venture out listened to a very interesting sermon by the Rev. Frederic Gill, of Arlington.

The Y. P. guild meeting Sunday evening, will be at 7 o'clock and will be conducted by Miss Anna M. Lawrence. The subject will be "Temperance."

North Lexington.

Miss Alice Duffy, daughter of Station Agent Charles Duffy, entertained several friends at whist, last week Friday evening.

A Mr. Walker, of Everett, has bought seven acres of land at the corner of Hill and Bedford streets and will erect a house there.

The Vail house, recently purchased by Mrs. M. J. Jacobs, of Richmond, Vt., is being thoroughly renovated.

Osborne Gorman has moved from the house he recently moved from Lexington Heights. An ell has been added.

William Gorman, son of Daniel Gorman, who has been attending school at Burdette's, has been ill at home.

The lost dog of Charles Smith has been found and recovered. It followed a young man away from the home of Mr. Smith, and it is thought inducements were held out to the dog to go.

Work on the L. & B. car barn has been rapidly pushed, the past week, and it is expected to be ready for occupancy in about two weeks.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The members of the Grand Army post held their annual inspection Tuesday evening, and a great time is expected. There will be comrades present from all the surrounding towns and Department Commander Elias A. Bartlett, of Waltham, will be the guest of honor. The "Old Vets" can yet muster a good crowd on an important occasion, no matter what the weather may be, and it may be safely asserted there will be a jolly gathering Tuesday evening.

William McGary and Miss Margaret Fahy, both of Bedford, were married at the parsonage of St. Bridget's church Sunday evening, by Rev. Fr. Fennessy.

Mrs. Catherine Doherty, of Bedford, was married to Mr. William W. Wither, of an electric car near Waltham street, two months ago, is reported as being much improved of late.

The Little Wanderers' home in Boston was not forgotten Thanksgiving day by the pupils of the Hancock Congregational Sunday school, for a well filled basket, which had been placed at the grocery store of George W. Spaulding was sent Wednesday by express to the home. The basket contained great things to eat as well as other remembrances of a substantial nature.

C. E. Wheeler, of North Lexington, attended the reunion of the First regiment of heavy artillery, U. S. A., of which he was a member during the Spanish war, at Boston, Monday evening. This was the first regiment to respond to the call for troops at the breaking out of the war, and its reunions are delightful affairs.

The Whiting family reunion was held Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Davis, of Hancock street. The reunion has been for 52 years an annual affair and one which attracts the members of the family in whatever part of the world they may be. There were 28 to sit down to dinner and the occasion was a very enjoyable one in every way. Among those present were members of the family from California, Utah, many, Brookline, Somerville, New Hampshire, Lowell, Dorchester and Lexington. Mrs. C. B. Davis and Mrs. G. L. Gilmore, who are sisters, are granddaughters of David Whiting.

There was for a few years a resident of Lexington, but was a native of New Hampshire.

All the schools closed Wednesday noon and will reopen Tuesday morning.

The old high school building was again occupied by the school Monday, and will be used until the new building is completed. Both pupils and teachers declare the removal of the building a few feet further from the highway has made it a much more quiet place, and makes it seem as though it had been moved away into the country. The old building will yet undergo a few more repairs before it is perfectly comfortable for the winter.

Already some of the stone work on the new high school building has been begun, and a few workmen are constantly engaged there.

The telephone company is granting a three months' trial 'phone in residences as an extra inducement for new subscribers.

Ned Taylor, of Harvard college, was home Thursday.

Henry W. Lewis and family spent Thursday at Cohasset.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Emory, wife and son, of Somerville, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Emory's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Emory, of Oak land street.

Herbert L. Norris returned for Thanksgiving, after a trip through the south and west.

Another new snow plow has been secured by the L. & B. St. Ry. Co.

A free lecture illustrated by stereopticon, on "Forestry and Roadside Planting," will be given under the auspices of the Massachusetts Forestry association, by J. Woodward, secretary of the association, in the town hall, Lexington, next Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

The East Lexington inn was raided this week. Nothing was found.

The annual Thanksgiving service was held this year at the Hancock Congregational church, at 11 o'clock, Thursday morning. Revs. C. F. Carter, C. A. Staples and L. D. Cochran were on the platform, and following the opening exercises gave short addresses. Mr. Cochran spoke on "Things to be thankful for." Rev. Mr. Staples on "The life of men employed in our government offices" and Rev. Mr. Carter on "The growth of the spirit of gratitude."

Despite the weather, a party of Lexington people attended service at Tremont Temple to hear Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, Sunday.

Chief Franks says he expects to soon possess two new pairs of gloves, one dozen each, six ties and two pairs of socks as the result of Harvard's victory last week. Mrs. Franks thought Yale would win, and now wishes it had, for gloves, collars, etc., cost money.

The Lend-a-Hand society holds its annual meeting at the parsonage of the Unitarian church next Saturday, from 3 to 5 p.m.

The Hancock-Clarke house will be open Saturdays during the winter from 10 to 4 o'clock. On other days persons may visit it upon application to Mrs. Clarke in the house adjoining.

Frank Conisius was before the district court in Concord, yesterday, on a charge of assault on Mrs. Paul. The case was continued for one week.

BULLET IN HIS LEG.

John Leary, a 12-year-old lad, son of Cornelius Leary, six years old, was shot Saturday morning, while he and his brother were playing with a loaded rifle in the back yard of their home. His brother went to hand the rifle to John, when the weapon was discharged, the 32-caliber bullet entering John's leg and inflicting a painful wound.

A physician was called, who made the little fellow as comfortable as possible, and he was taken to the Massachusetts General hospital on the 11:10 train, where the bullet was extracted.

A SERIOUS FALL.

Miss F. Helene Mayo, a teacher in the grammar school, had the misfortune to fracture her left wrist and dislocate the radius bone Sunday, by falling down stairs at the home of W. L. Bradley, at the corner of Wallace court and Massachusetts avenue. Miss Mayo boards with the Bradley family, and before the accident she had been in the attic looking over books. Upon coming down the stairs with some books in her hands, she tripped and fell almost the entire length of the stairs, which she landed on her shoe caught in some manner and caused her to fall. She struck on her left arm with much force, causing injuries which were cared for by Dr. J. O. Tilton. Dr. Tilton was called to her home, where the fracture and dislocated bone were of such a serious nature and so painful that it was necessary to keep the patient very quiet. She was unable to teach this week, but may do so next week, as the meantime Miss Hattie French is the substitute.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

The Calumet club of Winchester visited the Old Belfry club, of Lexington, Tuesday night, and was defeated by the locals, two out of three games. The scores on both sides were low, only one man on each team going over 500 for a total. The totals were: O. B. C., 784, 794, 724, 2302; Calumet club, 756, 709, 690, 2255.

LEONARD A. SAVILLE,

Office, Post Office Building, Lexington, Farms, Houses and Land for Sale and leased.

Furnished Houses to Rent. Agent for Manchester Insurance Co., a first-class company at regular rates.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Our... Grain Trade Is Increasing.

WHY?

Because we sell the very best quality at lowest cash prices. Try us and see for yourself.

C. A. BUTTERS

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON FRUIT STORE

C. CATERINO, Proprietor.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, Etc.
All kinds of Fruits in their Season.
Sherburne Block, LEXINGTON

As Good As New.

Carriages repaired in first-class manner. Carriage building a specialty. Good work in short order.

H. A. SHAW,
Opp. Depot Sq., Residence, Tuxley St.
LEXINGTON.

H. V. SMITH.

Periodicals, Confectionery, Cigars,
Boston and New York Newspapers
Boots, Shoes, Bicycles, Gent's Furnishings.
MASSACHUSETTS AVE.
OPP. P. O. LEXINGTON.

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen,
DINING ROOM.
Good Home Dinner, 25c
Transients Accommodated.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Mass. Ave., Lexington.

J. W. GRIFFIN,
Horse Shoeing,
Wagon & Carriage Building.
(Shop rear of Hunt's Building.)
LEXINGTON.

CHARLES ROOKE,
Upholster and Cabinet-Maker
CARPET and Shade Work, Mattresses,
Maid Over. Furniture Repairing and
Polishing. Antique Furniture Repaired
and Reupholstered. Upholstery and
Reduction of Antique Furniture Bought
or Taken in Exchange.
Lexington.

P. J. STEVENS,
Custom TAILOR.

Special Attention Given to ORDER WORK.
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Neatly Done
Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave.,
LEXINGTON.

THOMAS SPEED,
Jobbing and - -
Ornamental Gardener.

Men always on hand by the day or week.
Contracts promptly attended to.
Residence, - - - Vine St., Lexington
Box 371.

E. B. McALAN,
(Successor to Wm. E. Denham)
HORSESHOER,
Special attention given to Over-reaching,
Interfering, or Lameness.

Shop at the Old Stand, Adjoining R. R.
Station, Westerly Side, Lexington.

On September 26, 1901,
the Misses Brooks reopened their
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

to the preparatory department of which
boys will be admitted. For terms and
further particulars, address

MISS BROOKS,
Warren St., Lexington.

NOURSE & CO.,
Lexington Express.

Furniture and Piano Moving.
32 COURT SQUARE,
75 KILBY STREET, BOSTON OFFICES.
42 F. H. MARKET,
LEXINGTON OFFICE, MASS. AVE.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS.
M. F. WILBUR, Prop.

Flour, Grain,
Hay and Straw
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Hay shipped direct from Michigan and
delivered at lowest market prices. Grains
are received direct from western growers
and are sold at prices which cannot be
out under.
Office, off Massachusetts Ave.,
LEXINGTON.

MOAKLEY'S PHARMACY.
Drugs and Medicines.

Chemicals, Sundries,
Choice Perfumes, Fine Soaps.
CIGARS AND SODAS.
Massachusetts Ave. and Waltham St.,
LEXINGTON.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY.

(Continued from Page One.)

Willard Welch, of Boston, bid in nearly the whole lot.

An interesting and fairly well attended union service of the Baptist, Congregational and Unitarian societies of Waverley was held in the Congregational church, Thanksgiving morning. Mr. Gilman led the service. Mr. Smith the prayer, and Mr. Allen delivered the Thanksgiving address. A double quartet rendered two anthems.

Rev. Geo. P. Gilman preached last Sunday from the text, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

In recognition of the new hymn books, "In Excelsis," Rev. Geo. P. Gilman will speak tomorrow morning on "Church Music" from the text, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord." The quartet, assisted by Miss Helen M. Smith, will render selections.

Dr. Sumner, of Lowell, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Waverley.

Thomas Valentine and John Woodman are back from Ludlow, Me., where they went on a five days' hunting excursion. They brought back four bucks, the heaviest of which weighed 225 lbs., and which

BELMONT ADVERTISERS.

Subscribe Now!

FOR THE
Belmont Enterprise
Special Offer to Jan. 1, 1903
75 Cents.

SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
F. ALEX. CHANDLER,
P. O. BOX 231, WAVERLEY, MASS.

After Jan. 1, 1902, our regular \$1.00 per annum rate takes effect.

It's just a little paper—it isn't up to date.

It hasn't any supplement or colored fashion plate.

It comes out every Saturday, unless the forms are paid.

The outside is home printed, with boiler-plate inside.

It hasn't any cable direct from old Boston.

But it says that "Colonel Braggins is in our midst today."

It doesn't seem to worry about affairs of state.

But it tells that "Joseph Hawkins has painted his front gate."

It never mentions Kruger or Joseph Chamberlain.

But says that "Russell's grocery has a new window pane."

And that the mission workers will give a festival.

And there'll be a temperance lecture in Waverley next Monday.

It tells about the measles that Jimmy Hawkins had.

And says that Israel Johnson has become a happy dad.

It says that "cider-making is shortly to commence."

And cites the fact that Ira Todd is building a new fence.

It mentions Dewey's coming in one brief paragraph.

And says that Deacon Frankie Miller has sold a yearling calf.

And everything that happens within our little town.

Some people make fun of it, but, honestly, I like it.

To learn that "work is booming upon the Concord pike."

It's just a little paper—it hasn't much to say—

But as long as it is printed, I hope it comes my way.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the shareholders of the Waverley Co-operative bank will be held at the banking rooms, Church street, Waverley, on Monday, December 9, 1901, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of nominating officers and auditors for the ensuing fiscal year.

IRVING F. MUNROE, Secretary.

Waverley, Nov. 28, 1901.

E. PRICE,
Blacksmith and
Wheelwright

Horseshoeing and Jobbing promptly attended to.
Carriage and Sign Painting.
Belmont, Mass.

Fruit, Candy,
Tonics.

Quick Lunch, Bakery
and Tobacco.

SAMUEL ORTOLANO,
(Successor to Simeone Bros.)

Leonard Street, Belmont.

Waverley Cafe.

Choice Confectionery,
Hot Drinks, Lunches to Order

JOHN B. PERAULT,
PAINTING, DECORATING, ENAMELLING

Glazing, Graining, Kalamining and Paper Hanging; Floors Waxed and Polished; Picture Moulding, etc., etc.; also Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Shellacs, Glass, Putty and Mixed Paints of all the leading shades on hand and for sale. Residence

Cor. Leonard and Moore Sts., BELMONT.

W. L. CHENERY,

Insurance.

Belmont, Mass.

GEORGE E. MARTIN,
Harness Maker.

Repairing of all kinds of Leather Goods, Trunks, Bags, Etc., Whips, Harnesses and Stable Supplies.

LEONARD STREET, BELMONT.
Opposite the Fire Station.

they have sold to a dealer in Faneuil Hall market.

Miss Sarah E. Peabody, recently of Waverley, has bought an apartment house on Belmont street, near Lexington avenue, Cambridge, and has taken possession.

Henry R. Higgins, former proprietor of the pool room in Patterson's block, has gone to West Medford, and there opened a billiard parlor, with William Parkman, town manager. Mr. Higgins, former manager at the Waverley rooms, is now employed at the pharmacy.

Hugh Fisher has rented half of his double house on Chandler street, Waverley.

Gustave Weinschenk and family have moved from Chandler street to Mr. Cotter's house on White street.

Services are held by the Waverley Episcopal guild at the Bird residence, corner of Beech and White streets, at 3:30 Sunday afternoons, and occasionally at the residence of the Misses Woodward on Belmont street. Winthrop Peabody is the Sunday school superintendent.

Rev. C. A. Allen and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Edwards, Thanksgiving.

Rev. Edward Cummings, minister of the South Congregational church of Boston, will preach in the Unitarian church, Belmont, tomorrow morning. Mr. Cummings was formerly professor of economics and sociology at Harvard university and is now the associate pastor of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston.

The meeting of the Waverley Y. P. C. E., last Sunday evening, was led by the pastor. Although the night was very stormy, about twenty were present. It was the monthly consecration meeting.

Miss R. Helen Cleland, who has for a number of years been a member of the house staff of the McLean hospital, has discontinued her service there and leaves today for her

THE DESERTED SHIP

A Story of the Days When the Slave Trade Flourished.

"Sail, ho! Three points on the port bow!" shouted John Tregaskis from the foremast yard, where he was repairing the service of the foremast just where it had got chafed in the wake of the mast.

We were homeward bound in the ship Harkaru from ports on the Madras coast, loaded with sugar in the lower hold and our 'tween decks full of bales of cotton. We had been favored with splendid southerly winds ever since rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and we had touched at St. Helena to put a sailor ashore who was dying of dysentery.

The strong southeast trades were blowing with vigor, and we were looking off our nine knots an hour with all our stunsails set to starboard. The wind was just a trifle on the starboard quarter, and we had the weather clew of the mainsail hauled up. All hands were busy tarring down the rigging preparatory to painting ship, for the Harkaru was a smart East Indian, and Captain Gulliver wanted her to be spick and span when she hauled into the London docks.

I was what the owners called a "midshipman," my father having paid £50 premium to them for the privilege of my wearing a brass bound cap, with their house flag on it, and a blue uniform for the few weeks while I was ashore. The rest of the year I cleaned out benches, fed the fowls, washed the captain's clothes, kept the steward's books, assisted Sambo, the negro cook, and turned the grindstone for Chips, the carpenter. Every Sunday I was allowed on the poop, and, having an old "pig yoke," was allowed to "shoot the sun," working out the latitude by the old S9-48 method and invariably getting it wrong.

I used to go aft with fear and trembling with my calculations worked on a slate and hand it to the "old man."

"No wonder I am getting gray and wrinkled," he was accustomed to exclaim, "with such a blue nosed imp as you to work my soul bolt out. Here the ship is in 15 degrees 10 minutes north latitude, and confound me if you haven't figured her to the northward of the line. Take that, and that, you young swab. Why didn't you stop in your father's office clinging ink? You're fit only to eat and sleep. Get out of this!"

On this particular occasion when Tregaskis hailed the deck reporting the sail in sight I was up in the mizzen top setting up the topmast rigging with a "handy billy" tackle, assisted by another midshipman, who also hailed from London. We were not high enough up to make the strange craft out, but in about half an hour she hove in sight and we could see her plainly. She was hull down and her canvas seemed to be in rags, flapping in the breeze.

"On deck there!" I shouted. "Hello!" sang out the captain, who was walking the poop, puffing huge clouds of black smoke out of a mouth that stretched from ear to ear. "What do you want now? Can't you set up that rigging without any help? Clap a stopper on your jaw tackle and go on with your work."

"Please, sir, there's a queer looking craft in sight from here. All her sails seem to have blown away."

The old man gave a grunt and came aft to have a look at her, carrying a pair of good marine glasses slung around his neck. He got on the mizzen topmast yard and observed her closely for five minutes. Then he hurried down on deck and told the steward, who called the chief mate, whose watch it was below. Meanwhile he exchanged a few words with the second mate, who immediately afterward roared out in a stentorian voice:

"Lay down from aloft, every mother's son of you, and bring your tar buckets with you."

All hands got down as smartly as they could, feeling very much surprised.

"I wonder what all the old hunks now?" growled an ancient sea dog, whose grizzled locks hung over his shoulders. "I guess it is some dudge to get extra work out of an honest crew. If he had sailed with some of the boys I used to go to sea with, he'd have been basted overboard long before this."

Just at this time the port watch came on deck, muttering and growling, for it was only four bells in the afternoon watch, and they thought they were safe until 4 o'clock.

We took in all the stunsails, hauled the mainsail up snug and kept away a couple of points, heading direct for the stranger with the flapping sails, which was now plainly visible from the deck.

The skipper and the mates held a close confabulation on the poop and watched the craft through their glasses.

In a little while we were close alongside of her, heaving to about a quarter of a mile to windward.

She was a three masted topsail schooner. Not a soul was to be seen on her decks. If she had been abandoned, it must have been in a hurry, for every sail had been left set. This was evident to the nautical eye, although the canvas hung in tatters from yards and gaffs. She was long and low and, judging from her general appearance, must have been very fast. Originally she had been painted black, but only a few patches remained to tell the tale. Sun, wind and sea had left a her grayish white, and as she wallowed in the trough of the sea she looked weird and ghastly and ghostly.

"I tell you that that craft is the Flying Dutchman," said he of the grizzled locks.

"Flying Dutchman be damned!" replied a cockney sailor who hailed from Limehouse. "You utter know better. That Dutchman is a full rigged ship, and that one is a topsail schooner. Gray hair ain't always a sign of wisdom, judging from the likes of you."

Presently we got the order to lower away the captain's gig, which hung from the port davits just as we had hoisted her up after leaving poor Olsen ashore at St. Helena. Accordingly we lowered her into the water, and she was duly manned by her regular crew of four. I, who am now spinning this yarn, pulled bow.

We rowed right around her, looking for a convenient place to climb on her deck, but finding none we just made fast to the main channels by the painter, and I, being the youngest, scaled her side, and jumped over her rail to her deck, just abaft the main rigging. Everything was as neat as ninnepence. The ropes were all coiled snugly around the belaying pins, and there was no sign of disorder about the decks. I threw over the end of one of the running gear into the boat so that the skipper might hang on to it and clamber up. The old man caught hold of it, and, having a lot of low cunning, just

cried its strength. It was so rotten that it parted at once. The skipper muttered an oath and looked daggers at me. Finally he climbed up with the help of the painter, and after passing the boat astern, with one hand to take care of her, we proceeded to investigate.

The vessel had evidently been a clipper. Her skylights were beautifully carved, and the companionway leading to her cabin was as elegant as that of a yacht. The door, however, was locked. A thick blue mold incrusting the glass of the skylight on the inside, and the frames would not lift up. The hatchway leading to the forecastle was closely barred and bolted, while the fore and main hatches were tightly battened down.

Captain Gulliver, while cruising around the decks, stumbled across an old rusty iron crowbar, and with this he pried open the doors of the after companionway. He peered down below, and it was dusky and murky as a tomb.

He sang out: "Below there! Is there anybody below?" And then he hesitated as if in a quandary.

This was the first time I ever saw the old fellow show the white feather.

After a little while he braced up and, seizing the crowbar, broke open the cabin skylights, using, as it seemed to me, unnecessary force in so doing. A mysterious, pestilential odor ascended from the aperture.

"Go down below, Bill," said the skipper to one of his boat's crew, "and see what there is."

"Captain, I'd rather jump overboard and never come up again than go down there that companionway alone," was the reply of the scared sailor, whose timbers actually shivered with fear.

"You wretched coward, you've drunk your last tot of grog aboard my ship!" roared the skipper as he plunged down the cabin steps.

I followed him at a cautious distance, being far more frightened than he was. The stairs led down into a handsome and lofty saloon, beautifully hung with oriental tapestry. In a mahogany swinging tray above the cabin table were decanters and tumblers of cut glass. Although everything was covered with blue mold an inch thick, it was evident that a careful steward had been accustomed to rule over the destinies of the saloon.

On either side of the main cabin were a number of doors leading into staterooms. The skipper tried the one nearest the stern on the starboard side. It was locked.

"Pass down that crowbar, Bill," said the captain in quiet tones. He no longer put on the air of a swaggering blusterer, but acted as though he was in church listening to a sky pilot.

The crowbar was handed him, and with it he pried open the stateroom door. A strange and startling spectacle was revealed. With her head buried in the cushions of a low couch, on her knees before the image of the Blessed Virgin and with her jet black hair hiding her cheeks and descending in raven torrents down her back was a beautifully dressed woman. Beside her were a breviary and a rosary.

The skipper started back as though he had been shot. The woman actually seemed to hear the "Excuse me, madam, for intruding," he began, but at that moment, realizing that she could not be alive, he took hold of her gently. At his first touch the form collapsed and fell to the floor.

We all rushed on deck and found the Harkaru within hailing distance. Twenty sailors were sent on board the strange ship, and it was curious to see how brave we became when re-enforced by such a lot of sturdy jack tars. To make a long story short, we ransacked the vessel from stem to stern. In her lower hold we found the skeletons of 250 persons, all in iron manacles. There were just 250 of them, because I and a fellow midshipman counted them by order of the skipper.

This accounted clearly for the vessel. She had been a slaver and had been abandoned, though for what reason nobody could understand. She had probably drifted for years off the African coast far out of the track of ships, and this accounted for her not having been reported before. A sudden shift of wind must have wafted her off the land and driven her into the highway of the ocean frequented by homeward bound East Indians.

The mystery of the woman was deeper and darker. A brown sheet of paper, with big spots on it, telling clearly of tears, and some faded characters, which looked like Spanish, was found beside her. Nobody could interpret it.

The mate wanted the captain to tow the schooner to St. Helena and sell her for what she would fetch. The skipper, being one of the old school and superstitious at that, wouldn't listen to him. He said he was going to burn her, and burn her he did. A barrel of coal tar and a bundle of oakum judiciously arranged worked admirably, and the poor Africans had a splendid funeral pyre.

Hoodooos of the Yellowstone. One of the wonders of the National park of the Yellowstone are the barren and oddly shaped rocky columns known as the Hoodoos, because of their resemblance at a distance to fantastically dressed human beings. Hoodoo mountain lies about fifty miles to the southeast of the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone and forms a distinct attraction by itself.

High up on the side of the mountain, and obscured from view at a short distance, lies a low, flat tract or basin containing large numbers of rocky pillars, shafts and spires, worn into the most grotesque shapes by the action of the elements.

The forms of animals, human beings, churches and a multitude of animate and inanimate objects can be traced in the rocks, the variety being limited only by the imagination of the beholder. The storms of ages have worn deep channels among the rocks, through which the visit or wanders as in a bewildered labyrinth. It is a weird spot, and one never tires of threading its rocky mazes and gazing upon time's sculpturings.

Tobacco is the Best Insecticide. Most of the insects common to house plants dislike tobacco as much as does the cleanly housewife. The best way to use it as an insecticide upon window plants is to secure a good handful of tobacco stems, place them in an old basin, pour boiling water over them and let them stand for several hours. Then drain off the liquid into a basin or tub deep enough for immersing the tops of your plants in and dilute it with warm water until it shows only a faint tint of yellow. Then take up the plants one at a time and hold them, tops down, in the water, washing them clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Before and After. Before marriage a wife is a beautiful fancy. Afterward she is a solemn fact, and facts are always stubborn.—Baltimore World.

BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, Belmont.

Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m. PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Belmont.

Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Belmont.

Morning services at 8.30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3.30; vespers, 7.30.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, (Episcopal), Belmont.

Sunday school, 10 a.m.; morning service, 11; Reginald H. Coe in charge of parish.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY, Waverley.

Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10.45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious Union, first and third Sunday each month, 6.30 p.m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY, Waverley.

Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall, Sunday school, 12.15 p.m.; preaching service, 7.15 p.m.; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7.30.

ROYAL ARCANUM, Waverley Council, No. 313.

Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS, Trapelo Lodge, No. 238.

Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, Belmont Lodge.

Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

BELMONT FIRE ALARM.

2. No School.

7. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.

9. Cor. School and Golden Sts.

12. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.

13. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.

14. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. At Kings)

15. House House.

16. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.

17. Prospect St.

18. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.

19. Cross St.

21. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.

22. Cor. Common and North Sts.

23. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.

24. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.

25. Cor. School and Washington Sts.

26. Grove St.

27. Town Farm.

28. Waverley St.

29. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.

30. Cor. Church and North Sts.

31. White and Maple Sts.

32. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.

33. Trapelo road, Agassiz St.

34. Spring lane.

35. School St. near Hittinger.

One blow for test, at 6.55 a.m., 4.55 p.m.

Two blows when fire is all out.

D. S. McCABE, Chief.

E. PRICE, Engineer.

H. H. RUSSELL, Engineers.

Pleasant Street Market.

CHOICE MEATS,

FRESH VEGETABLES,

CREAMY BUTTER,

FRUITS.

12 Pleasant Street, Arlington.

A REPUTATION for FIRST CLASS SERVICE is the constant aim....

Hack and... Livery Stable

First Class Board. Prices Right....

GEO. A. LAW, Mass. Ave., - Arlington.

WE MOVE YOU QUICKLY

We Move Ourselves Sometimes. This Time to

6 MILL ST., OPPOSITE JASON STREET.

Piano and Furniture Moving specialty. Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc. We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court St., 48 Chatham St. 71 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Market.

Arlington Boxes—Crescent Cash Grocery, Heights, Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and McKow's store.

WOOD BROS.' EXPRESS ARLINGTON.

Oreola For the Skin.

will cure CHAPPED HANDS or FACE in from 24 to 48 hours. Try it and you will use no other. For sale by Chas. W. Grossmith, O. W. Whittemore, H. A. Perham. Price, 25 cents.

ARLINGTON HARNESS CO. HORSE HARNESS STABLE CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS 448 Massachusetts Avenue, ARLINGTON.

TRAPPED THE THIEF

HOW ONE DETECTIVE WON A REPUTATION FOR CLEVERNESS.

He Got the Clew While He Was Asleep in the Station House That Resulted in the Arrest and Conviction of the Criminal.

"I was just thinking," said one of a party of old time detectives, "just thinking of how, away back in '66, Ernest Fischer fooled all the other detectives in Newark and cleared up the mystery of a series of house robberies in the upper part of the city."

It seems that a happy thought which solved the problem came to him one night when he awoke suddenly from a sound sleep. He couldn't rest after it, and when he got up in the morning, several hours ahead of his usual time, he told me about it. Fischer was an old fashioned German, with an active mind and an ability to see into and reason out things in a remarkable manner. In this way he earned a splendid reputation as a detective.

"There was only one police station in Newark at that time. It served as headquarters and everything else, and from it the whole city had to be covered. What is now the best residential part of the Eighth ward was then nothing but open fields and woodlands. Just before that time Cyrus R. Woolson and a number of others realized the future of that section, invested in large tracts of land there and built and occupied quite a few houses.

"Soon after the houses were taken possession of the police began to get frequent reports of robberies in that section. Detectives and ordinary policemen were put on the matter, but they accomplished nothing. The robberies continued and became so frequent as to cause the police department much worry and the residents of the new settlement in the Eighth ward much alarm.

"Every policeman who did duty in that part of the city was given special instructions and practically was made a detective, while the entire regular detective force was told to devote all the time possible to the series of robberies. Even this resulted in nothing, however.

"No one had worked harder on the mysterious affair than Detective Fischer, but while the others discussed it and ventured guesses and theories he said little.

"The Dutchman's doing a lot of powerful head work," was the way his fellow detectives sized up Fischer; but they didn't think it would amount to anything. It came his night to sleep in the station. Before he went to bed he was discussing the Eighth ward robberies with me. He was worried but not hopeless of catching the robbers, as most others were. As he started for bed he laughingly exclaimed, 'We catch him yet!'

"To my surprise, Fischer came down at once in the middle of the night. 'I can't sleep,' he declared. 'Maybe you think I'm crazy on this robbery business, eh? Well, I ain't, and tonight I catch the robber. You don't believe me—that? Well, I get him just the same.'

"What are you going to do, Ernest? I asked.

"Do?" he queried in surprise. "Just wait until I arrest the mason."

"Then I laughed heartily. The mason to whom he referred was a well known young man who worked steadily at his trade in and around Newark and who lived in Belleville. He had for some time been working in New York, and every morning had come down from Belleville with his white canvas bag filled with tools thrown across his shoulder. He passed through the newly settled part of the Eighth ward and took a train in Newark. Detectives and policemen knew him and spoke to him nearly every morning. They even asked him to watch out for suspicious characters while on the way from his home to the railroad station. To suspect him of wrongdoing seemed preposterous, and when the other detectives and policemen heard what Fischer had told me they, too, laughed heartily.

"But Fischer did not propose to be turned aside from his sudden belief about the mason. 'I was to see the tools what he carries in that bag,' he said, 'and now I will see 'em. When I was asleep, I could see that bag with more than tools in it. I will arrest the mason, and if he is innocent he won't be mad.'

"Fischer's superior officers were opposed to his arresting the young mason because of what the detective had seen in a dream, but he pleaded his case well, and as it was every one's desire to catch the thief at whatever risk, he was told to go ahead. The next morning Fischer went to the railroad station. The mason was there as usual waiting for his train. He said such a cheery good morning and seemed so innocent looking that for a few minutes Fischer hesitated to act. Finally, however, he stepped up to the mason and said quietly, 'Lebawd, we want to see you at headquarters.' The young fellow became indignant and protested vehemently, but Fischer insisted, and they went to the station together.

"All the detectives had come in, and when the mason's tool bag was opened in their presence nearly every one but Fischer almost collapsed. The bag was filled with plunder from the burglarized Eighth ward houses. Fischer didn't exult over his official companions. He simply remarked to the desk sergeant:

"Look him up. I had a good dream—what? Anyhow, I was thinking for a good while I would like to see what was in that nice young mason's bag."

"It developed later that the mason had been employed in the construction of nearly every one of the little colony of Eighth ward houses and was thus familiar with their interiors. He pleaded guilty to some of the charges and was tried and convicted on others, and a long term of imprisonment followed. After that Fischer's reputation as a detective was established and his opinion and theories were much sought after by his brother officers."—Newark Call.

Pearls in the Fire. Pearls are carbonate of lime, the same substance of which the shell of the oyster is composed, and are identical with the "mother of pearl," which forms the interior of the pearl oyster shell. A high temperature will reduce any pearl to common lime, and in the heat of an ordinary fire a pearl will completely lose its identity and become a pinch of white powder. All precious stones are injured by a high temperature. The diamond, being almost pure carbon, is completely consumed at a temperature somewhat greater than white heat.

Kipling's advice to all ambitious boys was to follow in life as in a football game the principle, "Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!"

JOE AN ABLE PARROT

THE ODD PRANKS PLAYED BY THIS ACCOMPLISHED BIRD.

A Visitor Fooled by Imitation Love-making—An Irritated and Bewildered Teamster—An Elopement Spoiled by Another Parrot.

Joe is an African gray parrot supposed to be about thirty years old. These stories about him are told by his owner: A friend called one evening and, finding that Mr. T., the parrot's owner, was out, but expected to return shortly, went into the parlor to wait for him. The visitor was left alone, or supposed he was, but something must have happened, as the slamming of the screen door announced his rather hasty departure.

After a time the visitor returned and, upon being questioned regarding his unceremonious departure, said that he heard the most violent love-making in the adjoining room.

"The young people were so greatly occupied that they seemed unaware of my presence," he said. "I coughed, made a noise with my chair and dropped a book, but all to no avail, so I thought the best thing for me was to take a walk."

"Dear Joe, kiss me again, Joe," some one said, and then the kissing—and such kissing, cooing and love-making—was more than I could bear with composure.

"But replied the host, 'there are no young people in the house. Our parrot has been fooling you.'

"Impossible!" the visitor said. "I was told that I was alone, but before the servant left I was invited to 'walk right in and sit down,' and 'Are you warm?' I was asked, and I had scarcely replied when I was laughed at; then there were two other distinct voices. Besides, the kissing and cooing were altogether too real."

"You are not the first to be fooled by the bird," Mr. T. replied. "Only a few days ago a nearby plumber, whose name happened to be Joe, called to do a small job of repairing, and the work was begun before I left in the morning, but the man left suddenly, the work was unfinished, and no explanations were given."

"The next morning I called at the shop and took the workman to task and was told that unless I could make my servants behave another plumber would have to finish the job. He said that when he began work he was called to an adjoining room only to be laughed at by the servant, who kept out of sight and called out: 'You old rascal,' and 'You're a beaut, Joe; you are,' and when he answered she cried, 'Sick 'em!' and gazed him all the time."

"Well, you can understand I had hard work to make the man believe that it was only a parrot, but he felt cheap enough at being so badly fooled."

"Sometimes Joe is very embarrassing. A very dear old lady friend visits us who is somewhat of an invalid and has rather a distressing cough and other peculiarities that can be plainly heard, all of which Joe imitates in the precise tones, with more than natural emphasis, sneezing and blowing his nose and coughing distressingly."

"He counts, repeats the alphabet, spells many words, whistles, knocks on his perch like some one at the door and then enters into conversation."

"Why, come right in; sit down; nice day. Are you cold?' he says until he has had enough, and then he says, 'Goodbye, come again.' Sometimes we have callers that Joe seems to dislike, and he will keep on with his goodbyes until people hurry off, and in these cases he never invites them to come again."

"If there is a doubtful statement made, Joe is sure to cry 'Rats!' with such volume as sometimes to upset the composure of the company. He drives a horse with all the spirit of the horse trainer and seems to enjoy it. You can fairly see the race."

"Last year when we moved to our summer cottage Joe was sent on a load of goods instead of being taken with us on the cars, as usual. Joe's cage was carefully secured on the seat beside the driver."

"We arrived at the cottage several hours beyond the customary time for the arrival of the wagon and became anxious about our goods, but particularly about Joe. Our fears were not relieved when the wagon drew in sight with the parrot cage missing from the driver's seat, and there was a chorus of 'Where's Joe?'

"With face flushed with anger, the driver replied: 'Drat the baste, or bird or whatever he is, not a thing cud I do wid him. You know yourself the load I had on, an' it was all me horses cud pull, an' when everything would be goin' well the bird would scream: 'Whoa! Back up!' I thought myself it was me own voice, an' so did me horses, an' it's a wonder we're here yit. That bird is possessed. He has a devil in him. I thought we'd not git here tonight. So I buried the bird wid boxes on the back of the load an' covered him wid a blanket, an', with all respects to you, sor, I hope he is asleep, an' may be never wake!'

"Joe tells when he is cold or wants anything, and, above all, nothing annoys him so much as to call him 'Polly.' When we put him on the porch, the children, of course, never fail to 'Polly' him, so that now when Joe sees a child he remarks in various tones of children's voices: 'Pretty Polly! Polly wants a cracker!' And that seems to be Joe's estimate of their intelligence."

"A neighbor who had doubtfully heard wonderful stories of Joe took the bird to keep after a serious fire we had one night. When the family were seated for breakfast, Joe in a very sad voice remarked: 'We are all burned out.'

"The neighbor said to

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. iii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 9-12—Golden Text, Ex. iii, 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

1. "He led the flock to the back side of the desert and came to the mountain of God, to Horeb." According to Acts vii, 23, 30, Moses was now 80 years of age, having spent 40 years in Egypt and 40 years with Jethro as shepherd. His shepherd life reminds us of Abel and Jacob, David and other shepherds of the Bible, each of whom in some way suggests to us the Good, Great, Chief Shepherd (John x, 11, 14; Heb. xiii, 20; 1 Pet. v, 4), who saves us, works in us His will and will reward us at His appearing. The shepherd life is of necessity a lonely life, a life apart from the world and its ways and gives great opportunity for fellowship with God. Horeb is again called the mountain of God in 1 Kings xix, 8, in connection with Elijah's visit to it. It is mentioned in Mal. iv, 4, as the place where God gave Moses the law, the statutes and judgments and in Ex. xix is called Sinai. In verse 12 of our lesson God told Moses that after he had brought the people out of Egypt they would serve God upon that mountain. In Ex. xvii, 6, we read that there Jehovah gave them water from the rock that they might drink. The events associated with Horeb and Sinai give a most profitable Bible study, as do all the mountain stories of the Bible, such as Carmel, Olivet, etc.

2. "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him with flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." The Lord our God is a consuming fire, a jealous God (Deut. iv, 24). He desires His people wholly for Himself that He may bless them to the full. He consumes in His people only that which hinders their true happiness. They, like the bush, are not consumed any more than Daniel's friends were consumed in the furnace, which burned only their bonds and set them free to walk with the Son of God. The phrase in the blessing upon Joseph, "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush" (Deut. xxxiii, 16), may suggest that Joseph, like others who have come through great tribulation, are burning bush saints, never consumed because God is in them (Isa. xliii, 1, 2).

3. "When the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush and said, Moses, Moses." Observe the double call in Gen. xxi, 11, and 1 Sam. iii, 10, to Abraham and Samuel. Joseph told Pharaoh that doubled meant established by or prepared of God (Gen. xli, 32 and margin). We think of the Lord's 25 double amens of John's gospel and of the special attention we should give them. If Moses had not turned aside to see, think what he might have missed.

5. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Compare the same instruction in Joshua v, 15, which, I think, is found only in these two places—to Moses as he was about to lead Israel out of Egypt and to Joshua as he was about to lead them into the promised land. To tread upon a place meant that the place was given to that person (Joshua i, 3). So when a person said a piece of land he took off his shoe and gave it to the purchaser (Ruth iv, 7). It seems to me that God says to Moses and Joshua in these words something to this effect: This whole matter is Mine, not yours. I will see it through. You come with Me and rely upon Me.

6. "Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God." A deep sense of unworthiness is an accompaniment of a revelation of God (Job xlii, 5, 6; Isa. vi, 5; Dan. x, 8; Luke v, 8; Rev. i, 17). God revealed Himself to Moses as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God not of the dead, but of the living (Math. xxii, 32). He told Moses to say to Israel, "I am hath sent me unto you" (verse 14); I am that I am. He is Jehovah who changes not; Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever (Mal. iii, 6; Heb. xiii, 8). Men pass away from earth and great changes come, but He continues, and every purpose of His shall be performed at His appointed time.

7. "I have surely seen and have heard, for I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them and to bring them unto a good land." Note carefully the whole of these two verses, that which He sees and hears and knows and that which He will do for His name's sake. Every child of God may take comfort from these assurances: Whatever be your sorrows or your circumstances He sees and hears and knows, and if He permits hard things to continue it is because the best time for His deliverance has not yet come. "As for God His way is perfect, and He maketh our way perfect" (Ps. xlviii, 30, 32), and He will never be too late in anything that He does, but we need patience and must be content with John to learn the significance of the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ (Heb. x, 36; Rev. i, 9).

8. "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth My people." God had just said that He would do it, and now He says Moses will do it, for He will do it in and through Moses, and this is the lesson we are so slow to learn—that "it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21). He worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will (Eph. i, 11), and faith just allows God to work and quietly abides with Him for His pleasure. What an honor is conferred upon us when He selects any one of us to work through.

11, 12. "Certainly I will be with thee. I have sent thee." Moses did not understand. He has his shoes on at once and asks, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth the children of Israel?" See him also in Num. xii, 22, xx, 10, and you see at a glance that his shoes are on. He is thinking of himself, not of God. The three signs given him, as recorded in the beginning of the next chapter, should have shown him his importance and the power of God, yet we hear him objecting and refusing, although God said, "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say" (iv, 12), so that finally God gives him his brother Aaron to be his spokesman or prophet (iv, 14-16; vii, 1, 2). I know nothing greater in the Lord's service than the assurance of the Lord's presence and that He sent us. As to the first see Joshua i, 5; Judg. vi, 14, 16; Isa. xli, 10, 13; Jer. i, 8, 19; Hag. i, 13; ii, 4; Math. xxviii, 20, and others as you may find them.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sunday of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence, Massachusetts Avenue, near Elm Avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m.; Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L. Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust Avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-A-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Walham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington.

Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 5 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTA-SOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts Avenue, first and third Tuesday of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

47 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

49 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.

50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.

52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

56 Lowell street near Arlington line.

57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Moore's.

58 cor. Mass. Avenue and Woburn street.

59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

60 Mass. Avenue and Percy road.

61 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.

62 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.

63 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

64 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.

65 Bedford street near Elm street.

66 Centre Engine House.

67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

69 Hancock street near Hancock Avenue.

70 Mass. Avenue and Elm Avenue.

71 Channing street opp. F. Prince's.

72 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

221 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Fiske, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James B. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

LEXINGTON ADVERTISERS.

JOHN A. FRATUS,
Jeweler,
Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.
Store At Post Office,
Lexington.

CAMELLIA PLACE
Conservatories
Off Hancock Avenue
and Bedford Street,
Lexington, Mass.
Call and see our choice collection of
Flowers.
We have a large variety.
ALSO CHOICE PLANTS FOR
Decorations of Halls and Churches.
Flowers for Funerals, Receptions,
and other occasions furnished and
arranged very promptly. Orders
solicited.
JAMES COMLEY.

LEXINGTON
ICE CO.
GEO. M. WILSON, Prop.
PURE RESERVOIR ICE.
Families Supplied all Seasons
of the Year.
P. O. BOX 403.
Parker Street, Lexington.

G. W. SANPSON,
Fire Insurance Life
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Established 1797
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Estab. 1871
Imperial Fire Ins. Co. of London, Eng., Est. 1800
Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Estab. 1823.
Equitable Life Assurance Society.
Office, Sherburne's Block, Lexington.

\$2.50 Radcliffe Shoe
FOR LADIES.
FOR SALE BY
FRANK O. NELSON,
Massachusetts Avenue,
Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

CHARLES T. WEST,
General Fire Insurance,
Opp. P. O., Lexington.
Telephone Connection.
Your Patronage Is Solicited.

R. W. BRITTON
HAIR DRESSING ROOM
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. : : :
RAZORS HONED AND CONCEALED.
Massachusetts Ave., Opposite Post Office
LEXINGTON, MASS.

J. H. FRIZELLE & SON,
EAST LEXINGTON,
Teaming, Jobbing
PERFECT EQUIPMENT.
CAREFUL DRIVERS.
Satisfaction Always Guaranteed.

H. MALCOLM TORREY,
BLACKSMITH
Practical Horse Shoeing and Jobbing.
Hand-made Shoes For Driving Horses
a Specialty.
Horses Called for and Returned.
Lock Box 8. East Lexington.

C. A. MANDELBORG,
GODDARD BUGGY, ROAD CART
And Three Express and Provision Wagons
FOR SALE.
Massachusetts Avenue, Near Post Office
EAST LEXINGTON.

LUCIUS A. AUSTIN,
DEALER IN
Choice Groceries, Fancy Goods
Stationery, Daily Papers and Small
Wares of all Kinds.
Laundry Agency, Tel. 14-3 Lexington.
East Lexington Post Office

W. L. BURRILL,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Tobacco,
Confectionery,
DAILY AND SUNDAY PAPERS,
ALSO GROCERIES.
POST OFFICE, NORTH LEXINGTON.
Public Telephone, 688 Lexington.

EDWARD HUNNEWELL,
Expressing, Jobbing &
Furniture Moving.
Baggage Delivered to and from all Trains.
Stand: Centre Depot. P. O. Box 506,
LEXINGTON.

D. J. VAUGHAN,
Practical PLUMBER,
Repairing in all its branches.
Furnace Work and Hot Water Heating a
Specialty.
Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

UNHEALTHY NERVES.

Reasons Why They Are Benefited by Drinking Water.

A well known nerve specialist has said that "all neurasthenics—that is, people with unhealthy nerves—have desiccated nerves and suffer from an insufficiency of fluid in the tissues of the body." It is probable that we all in more or less degree, even when not conscious of any definite symptoms, are suffering in some part of our system for the lack of enough fluid and especially of enough pure cool water.

We know that so nicely is the human body adjusted and adapted to its uses that one part cannot suffer without all suffering. If the nerves are desiccated or dried through lack of fluid, then it is certain that other tissues are also suffering from the same lack and that the wheels of the wonderful machinery are being clogged by reason of waste matter which is not washed away.

We see by this that water does for us a threefold service. It feeds, it washes, and it carries away the cinders of the body furnace, and through the want of it we are exposed to many and great dangers. The tissues become too dry, the blood is thick and its flow sluggish, and the retained waste of the body sets up a condition which the doctors call "auto-intoxication," or self poisoning. This condition may give rise to almost any known symptoms from a pimple to heart failure and is really responsible for most of the semi-invalids with whom the world is largely peopled.

To obtain the best results from water drinking certain rules should be observed. People do not all need the same amount, and it may take a little experimenting to find out just how much should be taken in individual cases. It has been stated by some physicians that five or six pints should be taken during the twenty-four hours. Of this only a moderate quantity should be taken with the meals. It is a mistake to take no water with a meal, but it is perhaps a greater mistake to wash food down with water, especially with ice water.

The best time for water drinking is at night and early in the morning. It is well to form the habit of slowly sipping during the bath and while dressing two or three glasses of cool, not ice cold, water. Two of three more may be sipped at bedtime and again two or three glasses an hour or two before luncheon and before dinner.

In a very short time the value of this habit will become apparent in the resultant general improvement in digestion, temper and appearance.—Youth's Companion.

WAVES OF WATER.

The river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

The Amazon is 3,044 miles in length, rising within seventy miles of the Pacific ocean and flowing clear across the continent.

The Amur, the great stream of China and Siberia, is 1,500 miles in length, but for nearly nine months in the year is ice-bound.

The Pacific ocean covers 40½ per cent of the water surface of the globe, the Atlantic 21 per cent and the Antarctic 19 per cent.

The water of the larger Norwegian fjords, or rock bays, though in direct communication with the sea, are so saltless as to be drinkable.

The Detroit river is the outlet of the greatest bodies of water in the world, aggregating 82,000 square miles of lake surface, which in turn drain 125,000 square miles of land.

The river Platte during the summer is dry along the greater portion of its course. The water runs underground, only an occasional pool appearing on the surface. By digging almost anywhere in its course a supply of fresh, cool water may be obtained.

She Didn't Move.

The recent efforts to cause a young woman to vacate her apartments in a modish uptown hotel recall those tried not long ago with a beautiful singer who has for several years lived in a bathhouse near the park.

The proprietor decided for several general and no specific reasons to rent the apartment to somebody else. So his agent informed her that in the new scale of rents adopted for the building her rooms would in the future cost just exactly twice as much as she had been paying.

This was a little bit heroic, and the agent awaited the result with some uncertainty. "I was of course surprised to receive your letter," she wrote him, "and of course not delighted. But I am so well pleased with the apartment that I had already arranged to stay here. So will you please send me a lease for three years at the new rental? It is high, but I would rather pay it than move."

Since that time the tenant has not been disturbed, although she did not get a lease for three years. One was the agent's limit.—New York Sun.

The Invention of the Panoram.

The panorama was invented by a Scotchman named Robert Barker, who obtained a license in London in 1787 and erected a rotunda on Leicester square. He was associated with Robert Fulton, the practical inventor of the steamboat, who introduced panoramas into Paris in 1796, but resigned in favor of Thayer perhaps in order to give his attention to the application of steam to boats. Thayer raised a rotunda on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence comes the name of the Passage des Panoramas. Bonaparte caused plans to be drawn up for eight panoramas in which his conquests were to be shown to the Parisians, whom he always tried to impress with the magnitude of the achievements in order to keep them faithful to his star. But these projects were never realized.

His Clever Scheme.

It was just a lesson in table manners. The best piece of toast was about half way down the pile, and he started to take it.

"Willie," said his mother, "you shouldn't do that. Take the top piece always."

He made a hasty mental calculation. "All right," he returned, "Pass it to the others first."—Chicago Post.

The Parrot.

With the ancients the parrot was not a bird to be revered, so far as can be learned. It is not depicted on any of the sacred scenes in stone that tell the strange stories of the religions of the nations of old, nor has it ever been found mummified in the tombs of Egypt. Most likely the ancients thought it an uncanny bird and also a dangerous one, with its capabilities of repeating what it heard.

THE ONION'S ODOR.

To Sulphur Is Due This Unpleasant Quality in the Bulb.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence of some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulb, sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ killing property and makes the bulb so very useful as a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be and still is in many places the season for taking the brimstone and treacle in old fashioned houses before sulphur tablets came into vogue. Now, sulphur when united to hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphurated hydrogen and then becomes a foul smelling, well nigh fetid compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this, combining with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphuretted allyle, which is found in all the alliums.

This sulphuretted allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion. It is identical with the malodorous principle found in asafetida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty.

The horseradish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphuretted allyle, which gives them heat and acidity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangements of the atoms of their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact in nature that most strangely yet most certainly constructs all vegetable oils in exactly the same way—composes them all, whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, etc., of exactly the same proportions, which are 88½ of carbon to 11½ of hydrogen—and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vegetable oil.—Rural Californian.

"THEATRICAL STEELYARDS."

Interesting Relics of David Garrick In the Harvard Library.

That the proverb, "There's nothing new under the sun," applies to the theater, like everything else, is shown by two old cartoons that form part of a collection of over 200 prints illustrating the life of the great English actor David Garrick which may be seen in the Harvard library. One of the cartoons is called "The Theatrical Steelyards of 1750" and signalizes the success of pantomime at Garrick's Drury Lane theater after an unsuccessful period of more seriously written plays—the never ending struggle, that is, between the "legitimate" drama, so called, and the theatrical performance frankly intended to kill time as amusingly as possible. The other reproaches Garrick's desertion of the "legitimate" for spectacular performances in which, even in the eighteenth century, strange as it may seem to those who imagine trick scenery and spectacular effects to be a production of modern times, costumes and stage carpentry were of more importance than dramatic art.

In "The Theatrical Steelyards," or balances, Garrick is depicted as weighing down his contemporary rivals, who are vainly striving to pull down one arm of the balance while Garrick sits triumphantly on the other, and Harlequin dances gleefully in the foreground. The artist is evidently in sympathy with the actor's success. In the other cartoon, however, the artist is in a different mood and represents the great actor as turning from the muses of Tragedy and Comedy to embrace the friendship of mechanics and costumers, one of whom bears the significant placard, "Processions Forever." Roscius, the great Roman actor, was the popular name for Garrick, and the cartoon is labeled:

Behold the Muses Roscius sue in vain. Tailors and Carpenters usurp their reign.

The same picture, with the name of almost any modern actor substituted for Roscius, could be readily used to illustrate the ups and downs of modern stage history.

Holiday Suggestions ❦

ington.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.
FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician
456 Massachusetts Ave. Arlington.

A GOLD RING, in Arlington, on Friday morning, between Pleasant street and the postoffice. The finder will please return the same to the Enterprise office and receive reward.

were backed by the stockholders in the road and that it was the through freight which demanded the widening of the avenue. In reply to a statement made him about the cost of the project, Commissioner Gould inquired if the county wished to pay the cost of the railway would do it. Mr. Morris

Prices lower than elsewhere

